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# WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. XI, No. 2.

## PAPERS RELATING TO THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE MARYLAND MISSION.

### VII.—THE ANNUAL LETTERS.

*Annual Letter, 1642.— Difficulties with the Lord Proprietary.*

"In the mission of Maryland for the year just elapsed, we have had only three priests, and of these one was confined by sickness for three months. This was Father Roger Rigby—the other two being Father Philip Fisher, Superior of the mission, and Father Andrew White; all three were sent to different parts for the purpose of collecting more spiritual fruit. The Superior, Father Fisher, remained principally at St. Mary's, the chief town of the colony, in order that he might take care of the English, of whom the greater number are settled there, and also of such Indians as do not live far distant, or are engaged in passing backwards and forwards. Father White betook himself to his former station at Pascataway, but Father Roger went to a new station called in the vulgar idiom Patuxen, for a better opportunity of learning the Indian language, also that he might better instruct some neophytes, and scatter the seed of faith along the bank of that great river. This was almost the only fruit of his labors.

"Father Andrew suffered no little inconvenience from a hard hearted and troublesome captain of New England, whom he had engaged to convey him and his effects, and at whose hands he was, a little while after, in great danger of being either cast into the sea, or carried with all his goods to New England, a place full of Puritan Calvinists, the most bigoted of the sect. Silently committing the affair to God, he at length safely reached Potomac (commonly pronounced Patemeak). Having cast anchor in this harbor, the ship became so fast bound by a great quantity of ice that it could not be moved for the space of seventeen days. Walking on the ice, as though it were land, the Father departed for the town, and when the ice was broken up, the ship, driven and jammed by the force of its moving fragments, was sunk, but the cargo was in a great measure recovered.

"By this misfortune Father White was detained in his visits as long as seven weeks, for he found it necessary to procure another ship from St. Mary's. But the spiritual gain of souls readily compensated for his delay, since the ruler of the little village, with the principal men amongst its inhabitants, was during that time added to the Church, and received the faith of Christ through Baptism. Besides these persons, one was converted along with many of his friends; a third brought his wife, his son, and a friend; and a fourth, in like manner, came, together with another of no ignoble standing among his people. Strengthened by their example, the people are prepared to receive the faith whenever we shall have leisure to instruct them.

"Not long after the young empress (as they call her at Pascataway) was baptized in the town of St. Mary's, and is now being educated there, having already become a proficient in the English language. Almost at the same time the town named Portobacco, to a great extent, received the faith along with Baptism. This town, from its situation on the river Pamac (the inhabitants call it Pamake), almost in the centre of the Indians, and the convenience of making excursions from it in all directions, we have determined to

make our residence; the more so because we fear that we may be compelled to abandon Pascataway on account of its proximity to the Susquehannoes, which nation is the most savage and warlike of these regions, and the most hostile to the Christians.

An attack having been recently made on a settlement of ours, they slew the men whom we had there, and carried away our goods, to our great loss. And unless they are brought to subjection by force of arms, which we little expect from the counsels of the English, who disagree among themselves, we shall not be safe there.

"Wherefore we have to content ourselves with missionary excursions, of which we have made many this year, by ascending the river which they call Patuxen, where some fruit has been gained in the conversion of the young Queen of the town, that takes its name from the river there, and her mother; also the young Queen of Portobacco; the wife and two sons of Tayac the Great, as they call him, who died last year; and of one hundred and thirty others besides. The following is our manner of making these excursions: The Father himself, his interpreter, and a servant, set off in a pinnace or galley—two are obliged to propel the boat with oars when the wind fails, or is adverse, the third steers. We take with us a supply of bread, butter, cheese, corn cut and dried before it is ripe, beans and a little flour; in another chest we carry bottles, one of which contains wine for the altar, in six others is blessed water for the purpose of Baptism; a box holds the sacred utensils, and we have a table as an altar for saying Mass. A third chest is full of trifles, which we give to the Indians to gain their good will—such as little bells, combs, fishing-hooks, needles, thread and other things similar. We have a little tent also for camping in the open air, as we frequently do, and we use a larger one when the weather is stormy and wet. The servants carry other things which are necessary for hunting and for cooking purposes.

"In our excursions we endeavour, as much as we can, to reach by evening, some English house or Indian village;

failing this, we land, the Father moors the boat fast to the shore, then collects wood and makes a fire, while the two others meantime go off hunting. If, unfortunately, no game can be found, we refresh ourselves with the provisions we have brought, and lie down by the fire to take our rest. When rain threatens, we erect our hut, and spread a larger mat over it; nor, praise be to God, do we enjoy this humble fare and hard couch with less content than if we had the more luxurious provisions of Europe. To comfort us, God gives us a foretaste of what He will one day grant to those who labour faithfully in this life, and mitigates all our hardships by imparting a spirit of cheerfulness, for His Divine Majesty appears to be present with us in an extraordinary manner. The difficulty of the language is so great that none of us can yet converse with the Indians without an interpeter. Father Rigby has made some little progress, so that he hopes he will be able in a short time to converse with them upon things of chief importance, as far as may be necessary, in order to instruct them for Baptism, having, with the aid of an interpreter, composed a short catechism. Under such circumstances it appears miraculous that we have been able to effect anything with them, especially seeing that we have no proper interpreter, but only a young man, who is himself so imperfectly acquainted with their language that he sometimes excites their laughter; though almost at times tempted to despair, yet by patience we make progress with them, and are gradually bringing them over to what we desire.

"It has also pleased the Divine Goodness, through the power of His holy Cross, to effect results beyond mere human power. Take the following as an instance. A certain Indian, an Anacostan as to country, and by faith now a Christian, whilst making his way with some others through a wood, fell a little behind his companions, when some savages of the tribe of Susquehannoes attacked him suddenly from an ambuscade, and with a strong and light spear made of locust wood, having an oblong point of iron, pierced him through from the right to the left side, a hand's breadth

below the armpit, near the heart itself, making a wound two fingers broad at each end. When the man had fallen, his enemies fled with the utmost precipitation, but his friends who had gone on before, recalled by the sudden noise and shout, went back and carried him to the boat, not far distant, and thence to his home at Pascataway, where they left him speechless and insensible. The event being reported to Father White, who chanced to be but a short distance off, he hastened to him the following morning, and found him lying on a mat before the fire with a circle of his tribe around him, not altogether speechless, as the day before, but expecting death almost every moment, and with a mournful voice joining in the song that his friends kept up as they stood around, according to their custom when one of their distinguished men is dying. But, as some of his friends were Christians, their song, with plaintive and musical inflexion of tone, was, 'May he live, O God! if it so please thee;' and this they repeated again and again, until the Father attempted to address the dying man, who, immediately recognizing him, showed him his wounds. The Father pitied him exceedingly, but as he saw the danger to be most imminent, omitting every other point, he briefly ran over the principal articles of faith, and, after exciting in him repentance of his sins, received his confession; then, bidding him raise his heart with hope and confidence to God, he recited the Gospel appointed for the sick and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and told him to commend himself to her holy intercession, and call unceasingly upon the most sacred name of Jesus. Finally, the Father, applying to the wound on each side the relic of the most holy Cross which he carried in a casket round his neck, departed next day for the purpose of administering Baptism to an aged Indian, who was dying, having directed the bystanders, when the man should breathe his last, to carry him to the chapel for the purpose of burial. It was noon when the Father departed, and the following day, at the same hour, as by chance he was passing along in his boat, he saw two Indians rowing towards him, and when they had come

alongside, one of them stepped into the boat in which the Father was sitting. While he fixed his eyes on the man, half recognizing him by his features, yet with full recollection of the state in which he had left him the day before, the other, suddenly throwing open his cloak, and disclosing the scars of the wound, or rather the red spots on each side as the only trace remaining, at once removed all his doubt. Moreover, with great exultation, he exclaimed that he was entirely cured, and from the hour at which the Father had left yesterday had not ceased to invoke the most holy name of Jesus, to Whom he attributed his recovered health. All who were in the boat with the Father, after testing the truth of the cure both by sight and description, broke forth into praise and thanksgiving to God, and were greatly rejoiced and confirmed in their faith by this miracle. The Father having admonished him that, mindful of so great and manifest a blessing, he should return thanks to God, and continue to treat the Holy Name and most holy Cross with love and reverence, dismissed the man, who, returning to his own boat, rowed quickly away, which he could not have done unless he had been fully restored to sound health and strength.

"Such is the chief fruit of our labours for this year. One thing, however, remains to be mentioned with a passing notice, viz: that an occasion of suffering has not been wanting to us from those from whom we rather expected aid and protection; who, in anxiety for their own interests, have not hesitated to violate the immunities of the Church by endeavoring to enforce here the unjust laws passed in England, that it shall not be lawful for any person or community, even ecclesiastical, in any manner, even by gift, to acquire or possess any land, unless the permission of the civil magistrate be first obtained. And when our Fathers declared this to be repugnant to the laws of the Church, two priests were sent from England to preach the contrary doctrine. But it ended quite the reverse of what was expected, for our reasons being adduced and heard, and the matter itself more clearly examined and understood, sentence was

given in our favour, and received the full concurrence of the laity generally. To our great comfort, two new Fathers have lately come to us from England; they had a bad voyage of fourteen weeks, though it usually does not take more than six or eight. But of these, of their labours and fruit, we shall, please God, speak another time. We hope, indeed, that it will be abundant, and thus far we may predict much from their present zeal and unity of soul with us."

## DIFFICULTIES WITH THE LORD PROPRIETARY.

The troubles, to which allusion is made in the concluding paragraph of the letter for 1642, deserve a fuller explanation than is accorded to them by the 'passing notice' of the text, which briefly mentions that some existing difficulties had been settled, and hints only obscurely at the causes which brought on a crisis that threatened for a time to be fatal to the Mission. The liberty of conscience guaranteed by the Charter of Maryland, and the Act of Assembly of 1639, granting 'to Holy Church all her privileges and immunities,' did not accord with the intolerant spirit of many in the Province and outside of it, whose jealousy and prejudices were still further excited by the success which crowned the labors of the Missionaries in the conversion both of Protestant colonists and of native Indians. The enemies of the Catholic faith were aroused; it was natural, and to be expected that they should seek to tie the hands of the Missionaries. But the opposition complained of in the preceding letter did not come from Protestants alone: it was the action of Lord Baltimore and of Secretary Lewger, acting under his authority and direction, which furnished the 'occasion of suffering,' and, although no names are mentioned, it was the Proprietary and his representative in the Colony, 'from whom aid and protection was rather to be expected, who, in anxiety for their own interests, had endeavored to enforce in Maryland some of the unjust laws passed in England.'

The nature and causes of the controversy are set forth

by Father Henry More, Vice-Provincial of England, who appealed to Propaganda, and wrote the following memorial to the Cardinal Prefect (Stonyhurst MSS. vol. iv. *Anglia*, n. 108K):

"The Provincial of the Society of Jesus in England humbly represents to your Eminence, that in the month of June, 1632, the King of England granted to the noble Lord Baron Baltimore, a Catholic, in propriety, a certain province on the sea coast of North America, inhabited by infidels, which at this day is called the Land of Mary, or Maryland, after the reigning Queen of England. The said Baron immediately treated with Father Richard Blount, at that time Provincial, at the same time writing to Father General, earnestly begging that he would select certain Fathers, as well for confirming the Catholics in the faith and converting the heretics who were destined to colonize that country, as also for propagating the faith amongst the infidels and savages. The affair was surrounded with many and heavy difficulties: for in leading the colony to Maryland, by far the greater part were heretics: also the country itself, is situated between Virginia and New England, that is to say, two provinces full of English Calvinists and Puritans; so that not less, nay, perhaps greater dangers threaten our Fathers in a foreign, than in their native land of England. Nor is the Baron himself able to find support for the Fathers, nor can they expect sustenance from heretics hostile to the faith, nor from the Catholics, for the most part poor, nor from the savages, who live after the manner of wild beasts.

"The zeal of the said Father Provincial conquered these and other difficulties, and at first two Fathers were sent out, as it were, to explore and ascertain if there might be any hope of the gain of souls, when the country should appear 'white to the harvest.' Some years ago a geographical description of this country was sent to his Eminence Cardinal Barberini, Protector, with a humble petition that he would deign to receive the Fathers sent out there under the patronage of his kind protection, equally with the rest in England, so that the matter might be transacted in such a way as to avoid giving offence to the State of England.

"After this the Fathers indeed increased both in numbers and in courage, in sufferings of hunger and want, in frequent diseases which were fatal to some, and lastly through various dangers applied themselves with constancy to the

salvation of souls, learnt the savage language, which is formed of various dialects, composed a dictionary, a grammar and a catechism for the use of the infidels; and the Divine Goodness was pleased so to favour these attempts that, besides others, a certain chief, having many tributary kings under him, with his wife and family and some of his ministers, was brought to the faith, and, unless hindered by professing Catholics, a great door was laid open to the Gospel.

"Impediments, indeed, and these severe ones, did arise, and from those from whom they were least due. For, since the said Baron was unable to govern Maryland in person, he appointed as his substitute a certain Mr. Leugar, his Secretary, who was formerly a minister and preacher, and being converted to the faith, retained much of the leaven of Protestantism: for he still maintained those dogmas so justly offensive to Catholic ears—that no external jurisdiction was given by God to the Supreme Pontiff, but merely an internal one *in foro conscientiæ;* that no immunity for goods or person was due to him or any other ecclesiastics, except such as lay princes or seculars chose to confer upon him or them; that it would be a great offence, and one to be mulct by punishment, to exercise any jurisdiction whatever, even of absolving from sins, without special license from the Baron, from whom all lawful jurisdiction was derivable; that a woman making a vow of virginity, and not marrying after the twenty-fifth year of her age, could not hold lands by heirship coming from her parents, but that they must be sold, and if the parties refused to do so, then by compulsory sale. That the General Assembly or Parliament possessed so great an authority over the property of all, that it could dispossess every one it chose of their all, even to the undergarment, for the use of the Republic; and other such like propositions of the said Mr. Leugar are comprehended in twenty questions, which are laid before this Congregation by the hands of the Secretary.

"Therefore, the Secretary (Leugar), having summoned the Assembly in Maryland, composed with few exceptions of heretics, and presided over by himself, in the name of the Lord Baltimore, attempted to pass the following laws repugnant to the Catholic faith and ecclesiastical immunities: That no virgin can inherit, unless she marries before twenty-nine years of age; that no ecclesiastic shall be summoned in any cause, civil or criminal, before any other than a secular judge; that no ecclesiastic shall enjoy any privilege, except such as he is able to show *ex scriptura*, nor to

gain anything for the Church except by the gift of the Prince, nor to accept any site for a church or cemetery, nor any foundation from a convert Indian king; nor shall any one depart from the province, even to preach the Gospel to the infidels by authority of the See Apostolic, without a license from the lay magistrate; nor shall any one exercise jurisdiction within the province, which is not derived from the said Baron, and such like.

"The Fathers of the Society warmly resisted this foul attempt, professing themselves ready to shed their blood in defence of the faith and the liberty of the Church. Which firmness greatly enraged the Secretary, who immediately reported to Baron Baltimore that his jurisdiction was interrupted by the Fathers, whose doctrine was inconsistent with the government of the province. Hence the said Baron, being offended, became alienated in his mind from the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and at first *ipso facto* seized all their lands and let them to others, as though he was the lord proprietor of them, although King Patuxen had given them the same lands, when he was a catechumen, upon the express condition for supporting priests, who had brought his subjects to the true knowledge, the faith, and worship of God. The said Baron, with others favourable to his opinions, began to turn his attention to the expulsion of the Fathers, and the introducing others in their stead, who would be more pliable to his Secretary. Therefore, he procured last year to petition the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, in the name of the Catholics of Maryland, to grant to a Prefect and secular priests faculties for the same mission, making no mention in the meanwhile of the labours of the Fathers undertaken in that harvest, nor expressing the motives which induced him to substitute new missionary priests. And, in order that he might have some new grounds to urge for calling away the Fathers of the Society from thence, he proposed certain points similar to those laid before the Sacred Congregation, to be presented to the Provincial by the hands of the Secretary, that he might subscribe them in the name of himself and of the Fathers in Maryland. But the Sacred Congregation, being entirely ignorant of these matters, granted the petition; and in the month of August, 1641, faculties were expedited from the Sacred Congregation, and were transmitted to Dom. Rossett, now Archbishop of Tarsus.

"But since, perhaps, the other prefect is not as yet appointed, or the faculties delivered, but are as yet, it is hoped,

in the hands of Father Phillips, the confessor of the Queen of England, the said Provincial humbly begs of your Eminence to deign to direct that the said faculties may be superseded, if the matter is yet entire, or if by chance the faculties are delivered, that the departure of the new priests may be retarded for a sufficient space of time to allow the Holy See to decide upon what is best to be done for the good of souls. The Fathers do not refuse to make way for other labourers, but they humbly submit for consideration, whether it is expedient to remove those who first entered into that vineyard at their own expense, who for seven years have endured want and sufferings, who have lost four of their *confrères*, labouring faithfully until death, who have defended sound doctrine and the liberty of the Church with odium and temporal loss to themselves, who are learned in the language of the savages, of which the priests to be substituted by the Baron Baltimore are entirely ignorant, and which priests either allow or defend that doctrine, from which it must needs be that contentions and scandals should arise, and the spark of faith be extinguished which begins to be kindled in the breasts of the infidels. Nevertheless, the Fathers profess themselves ready, with all submission, either to return to England from Maryland, or to remain there and to labour even to death for the faith and the dignity of the Holy See, as may seem fit to the prudence, the goodness, and charity of your Eminence. Which may God, &c."

Mattapany, situated on the south side of the Patuxent River, about two miles above its mouth, was given to the Fathers by Macquacomen, King of the Patuxents, and as early as 1639, we find Father Brock, the Superior, residing upon the plantation thus acquired, which was 'the storehouse of the Mission, whence most of the victualling supplies were procured.' The acquisition of such a valuable tract of land by gift from the natives was regarded by Lord Baltimore as an infringement upon his proprietary rights, and still more as an evil precedent, the effect of which would be to deprive him of those emoluments in the shape of quit rents and other dues, by which he expected to pay the expenses of the government, and reimburse himself for his original outlay in settling the colony—£40,000—a very large sum in those days. Accordingly, he made vigorous

reclamation against the validity of the transaction—and it seems, too, with reason—inasmuch as the rights acquired under the Indian's gift were against a well-established principle in the policy of nations at that time, and of the United States at the present day—to recognize no title derived from the Indians without a previous sanction from the government of which the purchaser or recipient was a subject. Whatever be the value of the principle, its application in the present instance appears from a form of renunciation to be signed by the Provincial for the time being, of which the following is a short analysis (Stonyhurst MSS. vol. iv. *Anglia*, No. 108G):

"To all to whom these presents shall come. . . . . I, A. B., S. J., Provincial of the English Mission, send greeting. Since it hath been reported to me that one or more of our said Society have accepted, bought, or in some other way obtained for pious and other uses, certain lands, tenements, etc., in the Prov. of Maryland, from certain Indian or Indians, to which no lawful title can be derived from them, without any leave from the Lord Cecil Baron Baltimore, Lord of the said Province; and because one or more of our said Society hath or have taken possession of the said lands, etc, or some parts thereof without any leave aforesaid; especially of certain lands situate in a place called *Mattaponiam*, or in some other place or places within the said Province, etc., etc.,

Be it therefore known to all that I, the above named Provincial, for divers good causes, etc, as well on the part of myself as of my successors, and of our said Society, by these presents do surrender, etc., etc., to the said Cecil Baron of Baltimore, and his heirs, all title or interest of said Society, of whatever nature or kind, in or to the aforesaid lands, etc., to which we could not derive nor have any lawful title except by the license of the said Baron of Baltimore, under the great seal of the said Province; so that it may be lawful for the said Baron of Baltimore, or his heirs, or any other person or persons in his name, to take quiet and peaceable possession of the said lands, etc., etc., or of any part or parts thereof, for his or their own absolute use, etc. And, moreover, I, as well on my part as on the part of my successors, hereby renounce, etc., to the said Baron of Baltimore, etc., whatever right or title or claim whatsoever, which either our Society, or any member

of it, directly or indirectly, hath or claims to have from any Indian or Indians, or any other person or persons, in trust for the said Society—save and except only the mere right, title and interest which our said Society may lawfully have thereto from or under any grant or grants of the said Baron or his successors. In witness, &c.

Whether this most explicit and comprehensive renunciation of the Indian chieftain's gift was actually made by the Provincial, or was only proposed by Lord Baltimore as embodying an assertion of the *jura regalia* under which he had already appropriated the lands in question, does not appear from the paper itself, which has no name inscribed or subscribed. However that may be, Mattapany passed into the possession of Cecil Calvert about this period, and by him it was subsequently presented to the Hon. Henry Sewall, the privy councillor. At a later date a fort was erected there, as well as a stately mansion, which was a favorite resort of Charles,[1] third Lord Baltimore, during his stay in the Province. The Catholic Almanac for 1841 says: "The foundation walls of the house can still be distinctly traced, and the bricks of which it was built are scattered over the fields of what is now called Mattapany-Sewall. Although the lapse of time has swept away all vestiges of the fort, which was garrisoned as late as 1689, and all but the traces of the stately mansion of Lord Baltimore, the neat modern Church of St. Nicholas exists as a monument to mark the scene of the early labors of the apostles of Maryland." St. Nicholas', we may add, is one of the missions attended by our Fathers from St. Inigoes, who have had uninterrupted spiritual charge of the surrounding country ever since the time that Mattapany was the 'store-house of the Mission.'[2]

The other lands held by the missionaries were taken up by them on the same terms as other settlers, under the

[1]He was appointed Governor in 1661, and administered the Province for his father until the death of the latter, in 1675, whom he succeeded in the Proprietorship. He visited England after the death of Cecil Calvert, but soon returned, and remained here until 1684. He married the daughter (Davis—Day-Star, p. 169, says the widow) of Mr. Sewall, and the mansion at Mattapany was the Government House whilst he resided in Maryland.

[2]Father Grivel wrote an interesting account of the place as it appeared in 1835, which appeared in these LETTERS for September, 1881.

Conditions of Plantation, as appears from the Land Records, and from the reply made by Lord Baltimore, when, some forty-four years after the settlement, the Episcopal clergy of the Province petitioned the Government against the Proprietary, and demanded a *provision* for themselves, because the Catholic clergy held lands for their support.[1] Had not a compromise been effected at the present crisis, perhaps Lord Baltimore would not have been content with vindicating his claims to Mattapany, as it would seem that he had some intention of introducing retroactive measures of legislation in order to dispossess the missionaries of the lands they had acquired by Patent under his own seal (Vide *infra*—Cases—XVI.). Prudential considerations, doubtless, moved Fr. Copley, to assign St. Inigoes and St. George's to Cuthbert Fenwick, who held them in trust during the disturbed years that followed, and conveyed them, in 1663, to Father Henry Warren.

There were other questions more difficult to solve, as they affected not the missionaries alone, but all the inhabitants of the Colony, and more especially those who professed the Catholic faith. The position of Lord Baltimore was anomalous and perplexing: a sincere Catholic, he held from an intolerant Protestant Government, a charter unique in character, which made his Province not so much an outlying dependency of Great Britain, as a miniature England. Maryland was a palatinate, and enjoyed the peculiar immunities attached to that species of government. The Lord Proprietary, by virtue of royal rights as Palatine, was alone empowered to make war and peace, to regulate ecclesiastical matters, to levy taxes, to appoint officers, and to give or withhold his assent to laws, which without it had no force.[2] By offering grants of land to emigrants upon easy terms, and at a rent almost nominal, he had already drawn many settlers to his province, and as the population was rapidly increasing, it became necessary to regulate the practical administration of affairs by legislation, in which the colonists, either by themselves, or by their representatives, had

[1] Scharf, Hist. of Maryland, i. 157. [2] Ib., i. 61–501.—McMahon, p. 152.

a share. The Act of Assembly of 1639, granting "to Holy Church all her privileges and immunities," was in direct violation of existing English statutes, which proscribed the Catholic religion, and Lord Baltimore clearly saw that if he sanctioned measures of such a tenor, it would be disastrous to his proprietary rights; on the other hand, to legislate for the Province according to the concessions of his charter, would inevitably clash with the provisions of canon law.

It was too dangerous, at a time when the Long Parliament was about to assemble (1640), to permit legislation to take that course to which the zeal and preponderating influence of the Catholics in his province would naturally direct it. It cannot be determined whether it was principle or policy which actuated Lord Baltimore at this critical period; but it is certain that, in order to meet the difficulties of his political surroundings, measures were pressed forward by him which were very objectionable from a Catholic point of view. It is but fair to him to add that the Reverend Provincial of England, in his appeal to Rome, attributes the evil animus of all these proceedings to Mr. Lewger, Secretary of Maryland.

In vol. iv. Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia*, No 108A, there is a manuscript of some pages in Latin, containing the "Conditions proposed by the Lord Baltimore, Lord and Proprietor of the Province of Maryland in America, to all who offer themselves for the new Colony, which conditions commence from the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, 1642, and which are to remain in force until other or new Conditions shall be published under the hand and seal of the same noble Lord. Dated, London, Nov. 10, 1641."

To these conditions is annexed an oath of allegiance to be taken by all settlers to the said Lord Baltimore. These conditions, drawn up by the Proprietary in order to assert and secure his rights, as he interpreted them under his charter, were sent out to Maryland towards the end of the year. They were accompanied by instructions to his brother, Governor Leonard Calvert, in which it was prescribed that the oath should be tendered to all who wished to take up lands

in the Province, and that legislative measures should be enacted in conformity with the spirit of the Conditions.

The colonists, though sincerely attached to Lord Baltimore, entertained a just and liberal conception of their political rights, and holding that the Great Charter of England was the measure of their liberties, they had already shown themselves determined not to admit an arrangement by which the Proprietary assumed that the proposition of all laws should originate with himself, and that they should restrict their legislative functions to the acceptance or rejection of his suggestions. The measures met with opposition from some of the people for the civil and political considerations which they involved—with these it is no part of our concern to deal: and the religious aspect of the question excited conscientious scruples in the minds of Catholics.

In vol. iv. Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia*, No. 108B, there is a paper headed "Cases," containing a list of twenty propositions of Canon Law for the advice of Propaganda, which were probably written by Father White, and sent through the Provincial, Father Blount. They are referred to in the letter of the Reverend Father Provincial to Rome, cited above, and as they comprehend the objectionable measures which Secretary Lewger proposed to lay before the Assembly, and clearly indicate the tendency of Lord Baltimore's policy in his new Conditions of Plantation, they are given here in full:—

THE CASES OF CONSCIENCE.

In a Country (as this is) newly planted and depending wholy uppon England for its subsistence, where there is not (nor cannot be until England be reunited to the Church) any ecclesiastical discipline established (by law of the Province or grants of the Prynce) nor Provinciall Synod held, nor spiritual Courts created, nor the Canon lawes accepted, nor ordinary or other ecclesiastical persons admitted (as such) nor Catholic religion publicly allowed; and whereas three partes of the people or foure (at least) are heretickes, I desire to be resolved;

I.—Whether a lay Catholick can with a safe conscience take charge or government of an office in such a Countrey as this, where he may not nor dare discharge all the dutyes and obligations of a Catholick Magistrate, nor yeald and mayntaine to the Church all her rights and liberties which Shee hath in other Catholic Countryes?

II.—Whether the lay Catholickes (in such a country as this) are bound to accept or admitt of all the Canon law: and in speciall of the Council of Trent (extra fidem) or whether the Canon law (or such) binds in this country afore it be accepted by some law or custom?

III.—Whether the exemptions of the clergy for their persons, lands, goods, Tennants, Domestiques, or privilege of Sanctuary to theyr houses or Churches, etc., are due to them of Divine right by immediate grant from Christ to His Church, so that Princes becoming Christians were instantly obliged in conscience to allow and confirme those exemptions, or at least to permit and suffer the Church to practice and enjoy them or whether they hould them of the free and voluntary gift and devotion of pious Princes and States, so that in a country newly erected, or becoming Xtian a grant or charter from the Prynse thereof of such libertyes and exemptions, is necessary before the clergy of such a Country can clayme them as theyr right and due in point of conscience, and whether before such a grant admittance or allowance of their Priviledges may the State practice contrary to them without sacriledges or incurring the censures Bullæ Cœnæ?

IV.—Whether houlding of courts with external coercive jurisdiction be a part of the powers of the keys left by Christ to His Church, or whether it be a part of the sword put by God into the hands of Princes and from them granted unto spiritual ordinaryes; and when Ecclesiastical tribunals are here to be erected with such power of external coercive jurisdiction, may the Prynse erect them by his own charter, or must it be done by special commission and delegation of the Sea Apostolique?

V.—Whether the conusance of causes testamentary belong to the Spiritual Court out of the nature of the causes themselves, and of the Churches proper right, so that Xtian Prynces had no rightfull power to heare and determine them, or whether princes becoming Christian did of theyr voluntary election sever theyr causes from theyr Crown, and committ them to the Spirituall Ordinaryes, in consideration of some connexion and dependence which those causes have with some part of Xtian Doctrine which must be sought from the mouth of the Priests, or in presumption of theyr faithfulness in discharging of their trust?

VI.—Whether in such a Country as this, may lay Judges being Catholique by commission from the Lord Proprietary, or appointment of the law of the Country, prove Wills, and committ administrations of the goods of the deceased intestate, or whether they must have an intention to do it, as delegated of the Sea Apostolique, and are obliged to endeavour with effect to procure such delegation, or else incur the censures Bullæ Cœnæ?

VII.—Whether in such a Country as this may a Catholique refuse to prove and record a will for this reason, because it giveth legacys for masses to be said for the soule of the deceased, and conteynes in it the profession of the Testator to dye a member of the Roman Catholique Church, out of which there is no salvation, with other passages contrary to the religion of England, or whether is he bound to prove it though the Lord Proprietary may incur danger for such a record?

VIII.—Whether Catholiques, being members of the Generall Assembly in such a country as this may consent to the making of laws touching causes testamentary and namely to a lawe which shall appoint the residue of the estate of the deceased persons after all debts discharged, and legacys payd to be employed to publick uses of the State, and not to pious uses, as it is in other Catholique Countryes?

IX.—Whether Catholiques being members of the General Assembly in such a country as this may consent to a lawe prohibiting the bequeathing or otherwise aliening of any fee to spiritual persons or religious houses, without leave of the Prynce, and voiding all guifts and alienations made otherwise?

X.—Whether a Catholique Executor or Admor in such a country as this, may observe the order of administering the goods of the deceased used and prescribed in England (viz; to discharge first the debts due to the Prynce, then executions, then judgments, &c.) or whether is he bound to observe ordinem restitutionis delivered by Casuists (as Bonacina and others) viz: to discharge first the debts due to spiritual, and after, lay debtes, and whether a Catholique may refuse such an illegal account and compel the Executor and administrator to satisfy creditors according to the laws of England?

XI.—Whether may Catholiques being members of a Generall Assembly in such a country as this consent to lawes touching causes matrimoniall as to appoint the publishing of banns (for politique considerations) and to prohibit marriage without such banns published or license obtained from the Commissary being lay, or to limit the degrees of consanguinity within which marriage shall not be contracted, or for the tryall and determinings of causes matrimonial or whether may a Catholique being lay, under the Prynce or state, graunt licenses of marriage, and by permission from the Prynce try and determine such causes according to the lawe of the country, or in defect thereof according to the common law without the incurring the censure of the B. Cæ?

XII.—Whether may Catholiques being members, etc., consent to a lawe prohibiting the marriage of apprentices without the consent of theyr Masters or Miss[ts] and imposing penalties upon the Priests solemnizing, &c, and whether such a law be against the liberty of marriage?

XIII.—Whether may Catholiques being members, &c., consent to a lawe which for publique considerations barrs the female from inheriting, or houlding of lands, unless they marry within a time limitted (only leaving them a liberty to sell and dispose thereof to their best advantage) and is such a law against conscience?

XIV.—Whether land graunted by the Lord Proprietor to religious persons by the ordinary and common conditions of Plantations, doth *eo ipso* (because granted to religious) become spiritual fee, and exempt from laica onera?

XV.—If a trespass be pretended to be committed upon the lands held by Religious Persons, whether may the Religious without trying the trespasse in some court (spiritual or temporal) proceede against the pretended trespasser by putting in force against him the censures Bullæ Cœnæ? And whether by such declaration, the party be really and to all spiritual effects involved in the censures afore to be adjudged a trespasser upon theyr land in some Court?

XVI.—When graunts of land made by the Prynce to several persons lay and religious are found prejudiciall to the publique, and fit to be reformed, whether may Cath[s] being members of, etc., consent to a law reforming all such graunts? and whether may such a general law include the graunts made to the religious; and whether may the Prynce by virtue of such a lawe resume or reform such graunts made to them afore, or with a voluntary surrender of them by the Religious?

XVII.—Whether in such a country as this may the Prynce or secular Judge being a Catholique summon Eccl[s] persons to the General Assembly, or draw them into Secular courts, where they are defendants in actions of debt, tres-

pass, &c., and may he give sentence therein, as lawful Judge, and execute it upon theyr persons, lands, &c., without incurring the censures of Bulla Cœnæ ?

XVIII.—Whether may the Secular Judge, being a Catholique, proceed to the trial and punishment of clerks being in orders for any offence against the peace &c. of the Lord Proprietary, or for capitall cryme extending to the losse of life or members without incurring &c?

XIX.—Whether may Catholiques, being etc. consent to lawes imposing generall contributions towards publick charges for the necessary support of the Prynce, or defence of the Country, and whether are spiritual persons, their lands &c. included (for want of exemption)? And whether may the Secular Judge being Catholique, proceed against such spiritual persons etc. or religious houses (without special and express license from the Sea Apost.) or may he accept such imposition from such spiritual persons voluntarily without incurring, etc ?

XX.—Whether the representative body mett in General Assembly may make lawes to dispose of the interests of particular persons, as of Clergymen not being present, nor having proxies in such assembly (tho lawfully summoned thereto) nor otherwise holding Synods Provinciall wherein theyr consent to such lawes might be expected, and whether such lawes are against conscience ?

The Governor and his Secretary, whose duty it was to publish the conditions and enforce their observance by legal enactments, were in a dilemma. "If they followed strictly the instructions of his Lordship, they must encounter the opposition of the clergy, and incur the displeasure of the Church;—if they disobeyed him, they violated their official pledges, and placed themselves in an attitude of opposition to his distinctly expressed will. In this strait, they determined to seek counsel of their spiritual advisers, and the result of their conference is thus stated in a Memorandum still remaining;[1] this paper, preserved in the Provincial Archives, there is every reason to believe, is in the precise and peculiar handwriting of Mr. Secretary Lewger.

*Extracts out of Mr. Lewger's Diary and Letters to the Lord Baltimore.*

The Governor and I went to the good men to consult divers difficulties that wee had.

I.—One about the publishing of the conditions of plantation by Governor with that Article wherein all grants already passed were charged with the statute of Mortmaine. To this the Governor found a solution by interpreting the article not to comprehend grants already made or due by former conditions, but that no man should have benefitt by their new conditions unless he would putt all his land, both that already granted and that to be granted &c. under that condition of not alyening it &c. And this being not found to bee an ordination or edict, comanding or obligeing anie one, but a meer proposi-

[1] Streeter Papers, p. 241.

tion left to mens liberty, was resolved by the Goodmen not to be comprehended in Bullæ cœnæ, nor to incurr anie excomunication in the publisher, &c.

II.—Another, though not excomunication, yet whither it incurred not mortall sinn to bee the active instrument of publishing, negotiating and effecting of such a proposition or contract, as conteyned obligations against piety and good manners, and was mortall sinn in both parties that profered, and accepted the contract. And this they resolved, that it seemed so for the present, but they would take time to consider better of it, ere they resolved it peremptorily.

III.—The oath upon the instructions to bee tendered to all such as were to take land &c was resolved to bee evidently against the conscience, and to incurr excomunication of bullæ cœnæ to publish it, or administer it, or record anie such oath, or anie other way to bee seconding or assisting to it.

There is a new question rising about the 5th Article of the new Conditions of plantation; that no Society spirituall &c shal be capable of the Conditions, which sounds like an Ordination or provision. And if it be found so the Conditions I beleeve wil be stopt from publishing or executing and nobody will dare to concurr to the giving them any life or being, for feare of excomunication Bullæ Cœnæ.

In consequence of the opinion expressed by the "good men," as Mr. Lewger quaintly terms the missionaries, there was a partial stay of proceedings. No attempt was made for the present to exact the oath, and the fifth clause was dropped from the Conditions. Lord Baltimore, on receipt of his despatches from Maryland, must have had recourse to the Superior in England, for at the end of the Stonyhurst MS. copy of the Conditions and Oath, there is a form of certificate by the Provincial of the English Province, S. J., to the effect "that he had read the above-mentioned Colonial Conditions, and the Oath, and found nothing in them, or any of them, which could possibly render the said Lord Cecil Baron Baltimore, for having proposed them, or any of his officials for having published and executed them by his orders, or any other person or persons for having accepted them, in the Province of Maryland, amenable to any censure of excommunication Bullæ Cœnæ, of guilty of any crime."

Not content with this concession, Lord B. demanded that he should subscribe another paper, an old English copy of which is in the Provincial Archives. The Stonyhurst MS. (No. 108F.), in Latin, is entitled: "*Puncta ab Illust. Dom. Barone Baltimore concepta quæ subscribi exigit a R. Prov. Soc. Jesu in Anglia tum suo, tum Missionariorum nomine qui in Marylandia versantur.*"

The paper comprehends four very exhaustive points, and, as these points include some of the controverted propositions, in regard to which a solution had been asked from Rome, the Provincial would not sign it, and complains of the matter as a grievance in his appeal to the Propaganda.

Some compromise must have been brought about, in consequence of the memorial addressed to Rome. *The Records of the English Province* (vol. 3. page 367) say: "The appeal was successful; Lord Baltimore, on inquiry, was disabused, and matters righted again." Nevertheless, there was a delay in settling the precise terms of accommodation. Many members of the English Province, 'in hopes of the Indian harvest,' had offered themselves for the Mission of Maryland, and application was made to his Lordship for the means of transportation. Some correspondence on this subject, which has already appeared in the Woodstock Letters, (May, 1880), shows that he was not yet completely satisfied. His brother-in-law, William Peasely, having written, Sept. 30, "I have procured for the present employment of two of Yours, upon confidence that he shall have satisfaction in his just and reasonable demands," sends another letter from Lincoln's Inn Fields, next day, declaring that Lord B.'s "mind is changed. . . . He is stiff in his resolution. . . . He is resolute that none shall be sent until he have satisfaction." The letter of Lord Baltimore, which he encloses, asserts, "unless all matters are agreed and perfected before they go, *I cannot in prudence give way to his request.*" As two Fathers—Bernard Hartwell and John Cooper—arrived out towards the end of the year, we may conclude that the difficulties were brought to an accommodation some time in October, in accordance with the terms expressed in the following paper (Stonyhurst MSS. vol. iv. No. 108H):—

*Form of agreement between the Father Provincial of England, on behalf of himself and his successors, with the Lord Cecil Baltimore and his Heirs, Lords Proprietors of the Province of Maryland,—containing seven clauses, of which the following is an analysis:*

I.—Whereas the King of England, by way of renunciation and special favor, had granted by Diploma the said Province of Maryland, with royal jurisdiction therein, to the said Baron of Baltimore, by force whereof no subject of England, even a colonist of Maryland, was capable of accepting, buying,

etc., any portion of Maryland territory, unless by license of the said Baron or his heirs; and, since the said Baron had incurred, and was still incurring great expenses, and daily underwent many troubles and dangers, both of person and property, chiefly on account of propagating Christianity in those parts, without as yet having received any fruit or temporal gain, who, however, had he failed in his protection of the Colony, it never could (humanly speaking) have lasted so long, &c., &c.: therefore, let no one of our said Society, at any time, directly or indirectly, by himself or another, accept, buy, etc., any lands, etc., in the said Province, for any use whatsoever, of the grant or gift, &c., of any one, whether Indian, or any other person or persons, otherwise than of the lawful license of the said Baron or his heirs, duly sealed with the seal of this Province. But if any one of Ours shall so accept, &c., contrary to the tenor of these presents, such acceptance, purchase, etc., shall be adjudged, and shall be understood to belong to the said Baron and his Heirs.

II.—Since, by the laws and statutes of England, no lands, etc., can be given or conveyed to any person whatever, spiritual or temporal, for any *pios* or Ecclesiastical *usus*, without the special Royal license (to which rule the said Baron, as far as possible, for just reasons in Maryland should acquiesce), and since the same Baron, for the support of Ours living there, hath granted no mean part in the partition of Maryland, none of Ours, by himself, or by another, shall accept, buy, &c., any lands, &c., for his own use, or for any pious prohibited and comprised in the Statutes called *Mortmain*, which are at this time in force in England, unless with the special license in writing of the said Baron first obtained, under his hand and seal. But if any one of Ours, notwithstanding this, my agreement, shall either by himself or by another, so accept, &c. (as above), then, and in that case, all such gifts, purchases, &c., shall be adjudged and understood to belong to the said Baron and his heirs.

III.—Since it is sufficiently clear that Maryland depends upon England, that it could not support itself unless they frequently sent over supplies of necessaries, and since it is not the less evident, as affairs now are, that those privileges, exemptions, &c., which are usually granted to Ecclesiastical persons of the Roman Church by Catholic Princes in their own countries, could not possibly be granted here, without grave offence to the King and State of England (which offence, however, may be called a hazard both to the Baron, and especially the whole colony);—therefore, none of our said Society shall apply by any spiritual authority, or in any other manner demand or require from the said Baron or his heirs, or any of his officials in Maryland, any privileges, exemptions, &c., in temporal matters, except such as are publicly granted to the Society or to the Roman Church in England. Nevertheless, with this caution, that neither the said Baron, or, &c., on the petition of any Catholic cause to be inflicted corporal punishment on any of Ours in this Province, which in any manner can derogate from the privileges, etc., which are usually granted in Catholic countries, regarding the personal punishment of Ours, unless perchance the offence be a capital one, in which degradation will attach.

IV.—That no Jesuit shall be sent to Maryland without the license of the said Lord Baltimore and his heirs having been first obtained.

V.—That if the said Baron or his heirs shall at any time wish that any one or more of our Society, already sent, or hereafter to be sent to Maryland, be removed, and shall signify the said desire to the Provincial of England, or to the Superior of Maryland for the time being, such removal shall be made

within a year after such desire shall have been so made known, provided that the said Baron or his Heirs pay the expenses of the removal to any place which the Provincial or Superior shall reasonably fix upon; if the said Provincial or Superior shall refuse to do so, or the party desired to be removed shall decline to go, the power is given to the Baron or his Heirs to remove the said recusant; if the Baron or his Heirs shall for any ground of bad conduct wish to remove one or more of our said Society from the Province of Maryland, and the party retires voluntarily, and without coercive measures, then the said Baron or his Heirs shall pay to the party leaving the sum of £20 sterling—either in money or its equivalent, etc.

VI.—The Provincial agrees that all members of the Society in Maryland shall on every occasion, and by every means, defend the rights of the said Baron Baltimore and his Heirs, as their absolute and Liege Lords, and shall swear allegiance to him and them as in the form of oath there given.

VII.—Declaration that these presents made by due authority, and under his hand and seal, shall be binding on himself and his successors of the said Society, and that the things therein contained shall be observed by all of Ours in Maryland according to the tenor and meaning thereof.

NOTE.—In the Memorial to Propaganda, and in the Preamble to the 'Cases,' it is alleged that the number of Catholics in the country was small as compared with the Protestants:—"The Assembly was composed with few exceptions of heretics" (p. 125); "three parts of the people, or four, at least, are heretics" (p. 132). A word of explanation on this point may not be out of place here, since these statements have been lately adduced by anti-Catholic writers as an unanswerable argument to prove that the tolerant spirit of early colonial legislation in Maryland was not due to the Catholic inhabitants, if they were numerically so inferior to the Protestant settlers.

Toleration was in the Charter, and it was guaranteed to the settlers by the Conditions of Plantation; the credit, therefore, whatever it be, for this liberality, belongs primarily to the Lord Proprietary, who was a Catholic. Even if any doubt existed in regard to the religious convictions of those who enacted the famous Toleration Act of 1649, there can be no question as to those who abrogated its liberal provisions, when the course of events made it possible for them to do so; for the intolerant legislation which subsequently disgraced the Province was due solely to Protestant ascendancy. But there can be no doubt that the Act of 1649 was the work of Catholics: and unless all the laws of evidence be rejected, they must have had, prior to that date, a controlling influence in Maryland affairs, on account of their position and numbers.

How, then, can the statements of the papers given above be put forward with any appearance of truth? They are

certainly opposed to the commonly received opinions on the subject; more than this, they are in flagrant contradiction with the *facts as proved* by the most competent and trustworthy historians.

We may reconcile the allegations of these papers with the known facts of Maryland history, by supposing that when the writer asked for instruction and guidance 'in such a country as this,' he meant by the phrase to include not Maryland alone, but all the English settlements on the Chesapeake—only in this supposition, by including Virginia, would it be true that the heretics were four parts at least of the population. And we have reasonable grounds for the supposition, as we may be sure that the Jesuit Fathers did not intend to limit their labors to Maryland; their countrymen in Virginia, although they were with few exceptions Protestant, claimed their attention, and received it, too, both before and after the period we are considering (1640–42).

It may be added, that at this time there was no Protestant clergyman in Maryland, whilst there were three, four, or five Jesuit Priests—a state of affairs almost inexplicable, if four parts of the people in Maryland were Protestants.

As to the Assembly, 'composed with few exceptions of heretics,' since no date is given, it would be difficult to account for such an extraordinary statement. It may have been one of the Assemblies convened at a time unfavorable to a large attendance. This very year there were only eighteen persons present at the second session of Assembly, which was composed of Burgesses and gentlemen summoned by special writ; these eighteen members held proxies for eighty-eight others, and Mr. Giles Brent, holding proxies for seventy-three inhabitants of Kent Island, formed in his own person the standing majority of the House. But he was a Catholic. There may have been an Assembly in which few Catholics took part; but if so, their non-attendance was accidental, or was due to some other cause than numerical inferiority or want of influence in the Province.

# ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

## III.—MONTANA TO WASHINGTON.

If a missionary destined for the Rocky Mountains were free to choose his own route, he might select from four different courses. He might embark at St. Louis on one of the upper river boats, and settle down to a month's voyage, following the Missouri as far as Fort Benton, at the extreme limit of navigation. On landing, he would then be not far distant from the Blackfeet, the Bloods and Piegans, for whom the Mission of St. Peter's has been established. Instead of going all the way by river, he could proceed by rail to St. Paul; thence west by the Northern Pacific to the mouth of Tongue River, in the Yellowstone Valley, the furthest point reached by the Northern Pacific Railroad from this side of the Continent (1881). He would be obliged to travel by wagon or on horseback over the route already described to Bozeman, whence he could reach our residence at Helena by stage coach. If San Francisco were his starting point, he would probably go by steamer to Portland, Oregon, ascend the Columbia River by boat as far as the Dalles, and there reach the western division of the Northern Pacific road. This section has been finished across the Walla Walla country, and the plains of the Columbia, as far east and north as Pend'Oreille Lake, in latitude forty-eight degrees, a point not far distant from the Colville agency to the North, and the Cœur d'Alêne reservation to the East. If destined for either of these tribes, this would be his best course. A fourth route remains, the easiest and quickest, if Helena or St. Ignatius' Mission be the objective point. From Chicago to Omaha, and from Omaha to the end of the Union Pacific R. R. in Utah, our Missionary would follow the accustomed line of travel across the Continent. Pausing to visit Salt Lake City and the territory of the

Mormons, he takes the Utah Northern R. R., which is finished as far as the southern border of Montana, whence his journey to Helena would be completed by stage coach. On all sides, then, the railroads are pressing forward, but there still remains a broad gap to be filled, and in this gap lie scattered the principal stations of our Fathers.

Suppose (for the sake of resuming an interrupted journey) he has come by way of the Yellowstone Valley, and joins us at Bozeman, on our return from an excursion into the National Park. The prospect of a stage ride is pleasant after the slow traveling across the plains, and lightens the discomfort of rising at 3 A. M. to catch the coach. The boot is stowed full of valises, trunks are strapped on behind, the leathern apron is buckled over our knees, for we have been lucky enough to get outside seats, and away we go in the starlight. We are in the Gallatin Valley, a portion of Montana which is dotted with ranches and farms, yielding the ordinary cereals, and affording good grazing for cattle. By noon we have reached Radersburg, a mining settlement, where the stage stops for dinner. When we resume our seats, we observe that there are now six horses in the traces, three handsome teams, and Mr. Clarke, superintendent of the stage route, who happens to be going to Helena himself to-day, takes the lines. Are you "laudator temporis acti?" Do you look back with regret to the good old days when the National Road was lined with lumbering vans, that only yielded the way to the mail-coach as it thundered along; when the blast of the horn summoned half a village to the tavern to get a word of news, and see the reeking horses changed for fresh roadsters? If so, there will be an additional degree of pleasure for you in this next hour. For me, it was enough to notice Mr. Clarke's manner as he took the reins, settled himself firmly in his seat, and quietly uncoiled the long thong that hung about his whip. Glancing at my companion, I saw that he was smiling at the change of coachmen, and evidently expecting a display of skilful driving. On leaving the town, we ascended a gentle slope, and, gaining the ridge, found that our

road lay for some distance almost level before us. The road-bed was formed of crumbling granite, and the solid rock beneath made the best foundation imaginable. We were following one of the ridges that constitute the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, but the character of the rock, not that of the scenery, revealed this to us. No sooner had we gained the summit than Clarke whistled shrilly, at the same moment throwing forward his long lash nearly to the leaders' flanks. For a moment there seemed to be confusion—the horses broke into a wild gallop, and tugged unevenly, but the next instant the reins were gathered in closely, and the three teams settled down to a brisk road gait, as steady as possible. The necessary speed once gained, it was little work for them to keep the stage rolling, and they moved as freely in their simple harness as if no lumbering vehicle was at their heels. On our right lay the valley of the Missouri, stretching northward, a wide expanse limited by the gentle slope of the Belt Mountains to the east. The clearness and crispness of the rare mountain atmosphere, the steady beat of the hoofs on the hard road, the beauty of motion in the animals, and the evident pride of our driver, conscious of the power of his horses, and of his own ability to rule them, produced a sense of exhilaration, such as you may have felt in those good old days, but which you must now forego, unless you volunteer for the Rocky Mountain Missions. Before sunset we reached Helena, having made one hundred miles to-day. I would not have you think that all stage traveling in Montana is like the stretch out of Radersburg, for sometimes the roads are poor, and necessitate a slow gait, and then when you reach a station, a lonely log house, perhaps, on a dreary moor, with nothing but sage brush in sight, the horses on which you are relying to pursue your journey have wandered away, and the stage waits for an hour or two, until the animals have been caught and harnessed. Most of the horses employed are thin "*bronchos*," small half-breeds, not much larger than ponies, looking ill-fed and unfit for such work, so that the whip must come into play pretty freely.

I say nothing of cramped limbs, feet numbed by cold, painful efforts to sleep in impossible postures, dread of falling from one's lofty perch, and other minor inconveniences, lest I should diminish your regret for the bygone coaches.

Helena was originally a mere mining gulch; it is now a pleasant town of some five or six thousand inhabitants, the main street lined with stores, situated in what was once a ravine, the residences being built on both slopes and on the hills adjoining. Most of the houses are cottages with pretty little yards, adorned with blooming flowers and trailing vines, giving the town an air of comfort and homeliness. Helena has its hotel, its daily papers, its banks, its public school, and in fact all the appurtenances of the American incipient city, to say nothing of the United States mint. Besides, it is the capital of the Territory, which is an empire in extent, if not in wealth or population. Territories are immediately dependent, of course, on the General Government at Washington. Their governors, judges and other officials, are appointed by the President, and the single delegate sent to Congress by each Territory has no vote in that assembly. They are not constituent parts of the Union therefore, but strictly dependent provinces. The wealth of Montana is principally made up of mines, which are worked in the usual methods. The common way of extracting gold from the gangue, in which it is disseminated, is to crush the ore to a fine powder, which is reduced to the consistency of milk by being abundantly mixed with water. This muddy water, containing the solid particles in suspension, is then treated with mercury, which forms an amalgam with the gold.

The method usually adopted when the gold occurs in sand or gravel, is to wash the sand and gravel from its bed by means of a stream of water, which is made to pass through a trough, inclined at a small angle, so as to cause a current. At the bottom of the trough are a number of transverse slits, filled with mercury, which has a strong affinity for gold, and attracts the grains of precious metal. The particles of gold, in passing over the slits, being at

once taken up by the mercury, from the amalgam thus obtained, the gold is readily freed by sublimation of the mercury. The muddy water, deprived of its gold, forms what is called the "tailings" of mills, and as a portion of the precious metal escapes the contact of the mercury, the tailings are sometimes worked over again by Chinamen or miners of unusual patience. The romantic part of a miner's life is 'prospecting,' that is searching for gold. Armed with pickaxe and sieve, he scours the mountains, examines all the ravines and hidden nooks, leaving here and there ugly holes and heaps of rubbish as the only traces of his industry. In the depths of the mountains you sometimes chance upon a solitary Chinaman or white miner in the bed of a stream, with a bit of canvas stretched between two rocks, or a rude shed for shelter, sifting sand in search of the yellow dust.

The rare metals occur in their native state, that is as metals, associated with or disseminated through quartz rock, sometimes in regular veins, sometimes in seams or *pockets*, as they are termed. The quartz 'gangue' is very hard and refractory, and powerful machinery is employed to crush and pulverize it. In parts of California gold occurs in gravel beds, and whole hills are washed down by streams of water directed against their face, so that many a spot in the Sierras looks bare and desolate, which formerly was crowned with a fine grove of forest trees which a century cannot replace. The bullion product of Montana from 1862 to 1874 was $120,000,000. Where there are large mines the tailings are sufficient to destroy the beauty of the mountain streams. A clear dancing brook, full of trout, becomes a tawny, muddy little Missouri, and instead of being a pleasant companion as you ride along the bank, is a constant reminder of the 'auri sacra fames.'

Montana has a right to boast of her ranches as well as of her mines. The climate is rather dry, the grasses consequently are hardy, and it is said that cattle can find sustenance the year round among the hills, which seem brown and desolate enough to the eye, even now in September.

The bottom lands in the narrow valleys are rich and productive, especially in the western part of the Territory, where we saw many fields of wheat and oats standing thick and fruitful, of rich color, and entirely free from weeds. Ordinary vegetables are abundant, such as potatoes, cabbages and turnips, but fruit is rare (excepting wild berries), partly because the hot season is short, partly because there is no month of the year when Montana is free from frosty nights. The merchandise is transported about the Territory in huge wagons, to which several yoke of oxen are attached. It is customary to have three of these wagons joined to one another, like a short train of cars, and then not so many oxen are required to move the train as would be needed if the wagons were to be drawn separately, and besides, one teamster is sufficient for the whole train. We stopped for our noon rest one day on the bank of the Little Black Foot River, just after crossing at a point where the stream was rather swift. Reclining on the bank, I noticed a train of wagons come down the opposite slope, the oxen entering the water with reluctance, fully aware, it seemed, that they would have a hard tug against the resistance of the stream, and of the uneven stones at the bottom of the ford. There were eight yoke, and it took no little manœuvring on the part of their teamster to keep the oxen in line as they entered the water, and when he did succeed in getting them into straight array, it was impossible to make all the animals pull together. The efforts of the teamster were heroic. Standing on the bank, he called to the poor brutes by name, adding volleys of strong language and of sharp pebbles, now scolding, now encouraging, then, leaping on his pony, he plunged into the stream, wielding his long lash furiously, never ceasing for a moment to pour out a stream of oaths and entreaties, all addressed to the oxen, of course. In spite of vast expenditure of lung and muscle on his part, they persisted in tugging unevenly, or not tugging at all, and the three wagons stood immovable on the bank. This continued for more than an hour, when some of the oxen quietly lay down in the stream. Then

the teamster yielded, uncoupled the wagons, and took them across the ford one at a time, a tedious task, to avoid which he made such strenuous efforts to effect the passage of all at once.

Montana is about five hundred miles long from east to west, with an average breadth of nearly three hundred miles, so its white inhabitants, some thirty thousand in number, are not over-crowded. They are scattered along the valleys in fertile spots, except where mining interests have drawn them together in localities that might otherwise have been left deserted. The Indians, scattered on different reservations, number about twenty thousand in all. They are obliged, of course, to remain on their reservations, where some of them are provided by the Government with the necessaries of life, as well as with religious instruction, on the all-sect non sectarian principle, that denies to the Indian the right of free worship, because he is the ward of a Government that tolerates all forms of worship. As yet our Fathers cannot enter reservations in charge of Protestant agents, but it is hoped that the law forbidding the admission of missionaries freely among the Indians, will soon be changed. None of the Catholic tribes are dependent on the Government for food or clothing, though of late years they have received some help for their schools.

As I wish to give you some idea at once of the nature of the country, the difficulties of traveling, the situation and character of one of our missions, at the risk of being tedious, I shall adopt the easy method of copying from my diary. That my letter may not be interminable, I pass over a large part of our journey between Helena and Missoula, a district which has been described by Gen. Gibbon, in one of his letters to the *Catholic Quarterly*.

*September* 4th.—Leaving the town of Missoula, our road lay along the valley of the Missoula River, which runs westward, soon beginning a long detour to the north. To our right lay the gorge of Coriacan, beyond which is the Flathead agency, and further on the Mission of St. Ignatius. Riding briskly along, we passed a number of thrifty

ranches, and here and there saw a few Indian tepees picturesquely situated in pine groves and sheltered nooks. Seventeen miles from Missoula is the village of Frenchtown, the very jumping-off place, the westernmost town in the Territory. We found a motley crowd loafing about the few stores of the village, Frenchmen, Germans, Irishmen, Spaniards, Americans, negroes, Chinamen, Indians (Nez Percés, Flatheads and Spokanes), all ignorant of the fact that they were to us as great objects of curiosity, as we evidently were to them. We were interested in examining a store-house full of furs, where the skins of buffalo, bear, beaver, martin, wolf and fox told something of the natural history of the mountains. Many of these furs were piled high up on a billiard table, much to my surprise, not that a billiard table is a rare thing in itself, but how did it get there?

*September* 5th.—Our road to-day was rough and broken. The river passing through a narrow gorge forced us to take a winding course through the hills. We passed several ranches by the river, all of them abandoned for fear of the Nez Percés. There are gold diggings on Moose Creek, but the ranche at Moose Creek ferry was also abandoned. The only living creature to be seen about the place was a three-legged cat, that limped disconsolately through the vacant rooms. There is a peculiar fascination about a deserted house; the few old utensils and broken tools scattered here and there, the hooks and shelves, the chairs covered with raw-hide, worn into comfortable shape, all excite interest and a vague terror, as if in sympathy with those whom fear has driven from their homes. Traveling with good escort, one sleeps perfectly secure, but the lonely ranche-man, with wife and children to care for, and no neighbors within miles, must quiver when the news steals up the valley that some Indian tribe has broken from its reservation, and started on a career of rapine and destruction. Our road follows the bends of the stream, now winding many hundred feet above the channel, affording beautiful glimpses up and down the valley, now along level bench

land, through the pine trees, and out into open glades, sometimes at the foot of lofty crags, among huge fragments of rock, then up again, clinging to the mountain side, with barely room enough for our wheels, and an ugly slope towards the precipice. There is more excitement than pleasure in watching a wheel slip inch by inch towards the brink of an abyss, and even the beauty of the view is no great distraction at such moments.

*September* 6th.—We were obliged to make several detours to-day on account of hills that jut out over the river. Even where the road passed directly on, the grades were steep and difficult, testing our driver's capacity and the muscle of our mules. The lateral valleys, which we sometimes were obliged to follow, were wild, and dark with heavy timber, but occasionally we met a level piece of bench land, more open and cheerful. One pleasant feature of the day was that, even in this rugged district, we came upon a few ranches, one belonging to a Frenchman named Lozo, whose Indian wife is the newsmonger of the valley, learning all rumors from her Indian friends. A second belonged to a Yankee named Berry, a Vermonter, who has been twenty years in the mountains, and who lives here alone. For fully a mile before reaching his farm we had noticed a neat ditch near our path, following the curve of the hill, leading its precious freight of water, as we thought, to some gold digging. When we came upon Mr. Berry's farm, with its fine harvest, there was more than one expression of admiration for the industry that had been expended on that irrigating ditch. We camped at Halpine's ranche, now worked by a man named Quinn, a lusty Tipperary man, who labored all night threshing out two thousand pounds of oats for our animals. A man who finds a chance to sell his grain in this secluded valley works willingly day or night.

*September* 7th.—After seven miles of ordinary marching, we reached the Missoula Ferry, the owner of which, scared away by rumors of Indian troubles early in the season, returned only yesterday to earn a few dollars by ferrying our

party across the river. This interesting operation was safely accomplished in an hour, and then began our real pilgrimage. From this point on, the route we are to follow, the continuation of the old Mullen road, has not been used for many years. It is considered impassable for wagons, but we are going to demonstrate that it is not so. Our pioneer party went ahead, twenty-eight in number, to clear the road, hoping, as their officer said, that we would not see them again till we reached the Mission.

The roughness of the road rendered our ambulances so undesirable as a means of transportation, that we gladly changed places with some cavalrymen, riding their horses while they took our seats in the ambulances. They, too, took kindly to the change, but long before now have regretted it. We are following up the valley of the St. Regis Borgia River, which, rising in the Cœur d'Alêne Mountains, flows eastward by a gently inclined but very narrow valley, emptying into the Missoula River at the ferry we crossed to-day. The valley is heavily timbered, so that all day long we were traveling in sombre shade. The woods no longer consist of the pitch pine alone, of which we have seen so many during the last few days, but of white pine, tamarack and cedar. The underbrush was quite luxuriant; ferns, mosses and trailing vines covering the ground with a soft carpet. It was delightful to be once more in the saddle, and the twenty miles we made after leaving the ferry seemed short, notwithstanding the delays caused by our having to wait for the pioneers to clear the road. We camped at nightfall in a small opening called the Crow's Nest, where there was some grazing for our stock.

*September* 8th.—Letting our pioneer party start well ahead of us, we began our march about eight o'clock, and moved forward very slowly, that those who were clearing the road might not be too much hurried by our constantly pressing on their heels. The first ten miles of our march we made in fair time and good order, the trail, though obstructed by fallen timber, not being very rough or difficult. During these ten miles we forded the river St. Regis Borgia

twenty-six times, all the bridges built by Mullen in 1859 having been long ago swept away. Our road, except at the fords, was a dark alley-way cut between towering trees, that hemmed us in on all sides, and as we cut our way deeper and deeper, gave the idea that we were penetrating some vast labyrinth, with just light enough to lead us on to where it would become a trackless mass of rock and tree and river. Beyond these ten miles the trail, beginning to ascend more rapidly to the source of the Regis Borgia, in order to cross the divide of the Cœur d'Alêne Mountains, became steeper and more rocky, and as I trudged along some distance ahead of our party, preferring to be on foot, and enjoying to the full the grandeur of the forest and the feeling of utter seclusion and retirement that hangs over the mountains, I stopped now and then to wonder how our wagons could possibly be dragged over the rocky ascent without being utterly shattered. Having reached the summit, heavily wooded like the rest of the mountain, and affording no view whatever, I sat on one of the bench marks of the Mullen road, to await the arrival of some of our party. Descending the western slope of the mountain, steep and precipitous, my knees soon felt the effect of the long trudge, and I was glad to accept the loan of a mule from Mr. Hardy, our chief packer. Thus mounted, and in company with an officer of our party, I pressed forward, as it was beginning to be late in the day, and we were anxious to know how far distant was our proposed camp—Negro Prairie. I had to keep the rowels of my spurs tucked tight against my animal's flanks, and my left hand busy with a walking cudgel, to make the mule keep in sight of my companion's horse, which walked at an ordinary gait. Whilst busily engaged in belaboring my mule, I was startled to see my companion wheel suddenly round, and proceed briskly in the opposite direction. The next moment I perceived one of the lords of the forest, a great grizzly, standing in the road, not thirty yards in front of us. In an instant he was gone. "Fugit inermem," Heaven be praised. Being utterly unprovided with means of defence, other than

my pocket-knife, I was not sorry to have him disappear. Darkness overtook our wagons, while they were still a mile away from the camping place, in the midst of the woods; so we camped right there in the shades of the cedar and tamarack, their interlacing branches shading us from the chill air of night, their tender boughs furnishing a soft couch, and their tall trunks our only sentinels.

*September* 9th.—Breakfasting at five o'clock, we walked leisurely forward to Negro Prairie, a small opening in the forest where our cavalry camped last night. Their pioneer party was already off, and we waited here until nine o'clock to give them a good start, and then we moved forward. Two miles from our camping place, we encountered a grade such as one rarely sees wagons descend—a steep pitch from the brow of the hill, straight down into the rocky bed of a running stream, the Cœur d'Alêne River. I watched with interest as the leaders were unhitched, the wheels locked, and a dozen men at a lariat rope held back each wagon as it slid down the incline. From this point down the valley, for four miles there has been an extensive fire, and the hills were covered with charred trunks. The opening made by the fire has rendered the road somewhat easier, besides satisfying that desire one always feels to see just a little way ahead. Beyond this burnt district, we plunged into the worst portion of our route. The valley narrowed to a gorge, huge cedars grew on all sides, and the road-way wound now in the bed of the stream, now among roots, stumps and rocks, and now in marshy spots, where the wheels sunk almost to the hub. It was dreary, tedious work watching the wagons, to see them safely over mile after mile of just such a way as this, and you may imagine how fast we traveled when I say that from nine o'clock till dark we made ten miles. Again we camped where nightfall overtook us, in the midst of the woods, our wagons standing in the road (obstructing travel, as some one remarked), our camp-fire making darker still the darkness of night in the forest.

*September* 10th.—*Cressa ne careat nota dies!* I write in a

hermit's cell, by the light of a tallow dip, in the heart of a wild and mountainous region, distant many a league from the nearest settlement. Being anxious to spend at least a day at the Mission among the Cœur d'Alênes, I got permission to come forward a day ahead of our party. There was some excuse for so doing, as the Captain who commands our escort desired a messenger to go forward, to send a feed of grain out from the Mission to his tired animals. Accoutred with carbine and pistol, unusual load, and with a trusty trooper at my heels, I sallied forth, soon traversing the two miles of road already opened, passing the pioneer parties busily at work, and pressing on in the pack trail, winding and twisting about to avoid fallen trees. We picked our tiresome way over the fallen timber for six miles, to an opening called Pine Prairie; then on along the varied route, now in an open glade covered with wild timothy, now twisting once more among the dense timber, or dodging the thick underbrush on the banks of the stream, which we crossed repeatedly. The dark rolling clouds, from which poured a drizzling rain, rendered yet darker our gloomy track; and the closely arched brushwood covered us with fresh showers whenever the rain ceased. The growth of underbrush in some of these cedar morasses is highly luxuriant, and we noticed tall graceful ferns that, bent as they were beneath the rain, reached the height of our heads as we sat in the saddle. The road, on the whole, is much freer from obstacles than any we have passed this side of the mountain, and I know our pioneers will whistle at the easy work they will find. The distance from our camp to the Mission was twenty-three miles, and just at one o'clock, after crossing the river for almost the hundredth time, I found our road bordered by a fence, saw pigs and cows along the way, and the next moment perceived the Mission itself. On the summit of an isolated hill, which rises in the midst of a valley surrounded by mountains, stands the Church, a large frame edifice with square columns in front, and crowned by a plain cross. In front of the church, on the sloping sides of the hill, are the cabins of the Indians,

square log houses, neatly and comfortably built, grouped, as if for protection about their fountain-head of peace and prosperity. At the foot of the hill is the garden of the Mission, and beyond are extensive fields of grain and hay, shining bright in the mellow sunlight that just now burst out from among the clouds, adding to the impressiveness of a deeply touching scene.

I was welcomed by Fr. Diomedi and the few lay-brothers that are here. A hearty and inviting meal soon substantiated the welcome; then the grain for our escort had to be sacked, weighed, and packed on Indian ponies—the packing being dexterously done by a dusky maiden of some sixteen summers. My mind relieved of this responsibility, I set myself to enjoy the company of the good Father, and the afternoon passed pleasantly enough. Imagine a young Italian priest, scantily acquainted with our own language and manners, sent to this far-off spot, and obliged at once to learn the Indian language, to practise the arts of the farmer, ploughing, sowing and reaping, helping to tend stock, and pigs and poultry, and performing the duties of pastor. Add to this the vicissitudes of a mountain winter, the flood that swept down the valley, carrying away barns and fences, drowning pigs and calves, and demanding great exertions to rescue the drowning animals and restore the damaged outbuildings. All this, together with his long rides in the cold and snow, on ministerial duties, gave Fr. Diomedi much to talk about, and me much to marvel at and to admire.

There are very few Indians at the Mission at present, as they have all gone to their farms, which lie at a distance of nearly sixty miles to the southwest, out on the prairies. This Mission was established here among the mountains when the Indians were all huntsmen or fishermen, and now that they have been taught the art of agriculture, and have taken to farming, it will have to be moved away from this secluded valley. There are a few squaws in the village, and morning and evening they assemble in the church at the sound of the bell, reciting their prayers aloud in a guttural

monotone, not easily forgotten when once heard. Walking about the village, we entered a hut which was neat and clean, and provided with plain, rough, simple articles of furniture, such as stools and a small table. An old gray-haired man sat in the chimney-corner. He greeted the Father with a smile of welcome, extended his hand, and, when I was presented to him, at once expressed his gratification to meet a white stranger who shared with him the blessing of the true faith. Among the other huts, one was noticeable for its round shape; it was, in fact, a *tepee* or wigwam, built of lumber. It belonged to an old Indian, too stubborn and too much attached to the ways of his fathers, to adopt the square log house for his dwelling. A strange figure came riding up the hill. It was an Indian, whom we had met once before in the forest, traveling in the same direction as ourselves. He wore an old black cloak that hung like a cone all around him, and seemed appropriately topped by a beaver hat, not of the latest style. After the manner of a Bishop, he wore a chain and cross, but the chain was a heavy one of brass, and the crucifix hung large and conspicuous on his breast. The Indians are beginning to affect the white man's dress, though most of them still cling to the buckskin for body garments, and to the blanket as a kind of toga. It was a great disappointment to me not to see the main body of the Cœur d'Alênes. They have the reputation of being among the most manly and best civilized of the western Indians. They are ruled by Chief Saltise, according to the customs of the tribe, our Fathers never interfering, as I understand, in civil matters. Saltise has six young braves to act as a kind of police force, and punishes disorderly conduct by summary arrest.

Towards nightfall we were surprised by the arrival of Fr. Joset, a venerable missionary, who had ridden sixty miles since sunrise, from the new Mission on Camas Prairie, coming to help Fr. Diomedi make some preparations for a trip to Walla Walla. They have a great wagon at the Mission, which is to be loaded with hams, cheese and other results of their industry and transported to market. No po-

litical economist ever imagined that bacon and cheese could overcome such difficulties as these will have to encounter. The wagon is rolled down the hill to the riverside, then out upon a raft built for the purpose. Here it is loaded, and the ark moves down the Cœur d'Alêne River to its mouth, many miles below. A sail is now hoisted, and aided by this the Indian boatmen with their paddles propel the boat up the Cœur d'Alêne Lake to its southern extremity. The lake is a beautiful sheet of water surrounded by mountains. When we have reached the southern end, our cheese seems farther from market than ever. What is to be done with a huge wagon heavily laden, where there is no sign of road save a narrow pack-trail? Some Indians from the Mission have come through the woods to the head of the lake with oxen and ponies. They take the wagon to pieces, load these pieces, together with the merchandise, on the backs of the animals, and then cross the mountains. Having emerged on the prairie beyond, the wagon is again put together, reloaded, the oxen are hitched to it, and after many days of patient journeying Walla Walla is reached, the hams and cheese are disposed of, necessary supplies are purchased for the Mission, and the journey just described is repeated. These details make us realize that the difficulties under which missionaries labor are of no ordinary kind. They are frequently obliged to struggle for a bare maintenance, working with their own hands for the necessaries of life, whilst at the same time charged with the burden of being all in all to the Indians. Put yourself in the place of those about to start a new Mission, or to transfer an old one from one place to another. Some sort of residence is necessary for a community. If you want anything more than a log house, you must put up a saw-mill, in order to get lumber. Then you must have a church—the Indians may help to construct it, but there are many expenses to be met, and where is the money to come from? You must have fields and a garden, fences are to be built, tools procured, ground broken and cultivated, whilst, at the same time, you are trying to pick up the Indian language, to instruct, visit and

help them in every way. A missionary must, therefore, be a jack-of-all-trades, and a thoroughly practical man. The chief difficulty, however, seems to be that of persuading the savages to abandon their wandering life, and to settle down in one spot. This once accomplished, their civilization is only a question of time and patience. Polygamy, of course, presents a serious obstacle, but this can be overcome by rearing the children in Christian schools, and quietly waiting till the present generation passes away. Such seems to be the plan adopted among the Blackfeet; in the Catholic tribes this trace of barbarism has been already eradicated. The following extracts from reports of United States agents show how far the Catholic Indians have advanced from their original nomadic state :—

CŒUR D'ALENE RESERVATION.

SIR: I have the honor herewith to transmit you my report of the farming operations of the Cœur d'Alêne Indians. Since my report of last year a marked change has been made in their condition; their old farms have been enlarged, and about sixty new farms opened. Some of their individual farms are quite large. Basil has one hundred acres under cultivation; Louie, one hundred acres; Marchand, one hundred acres; Pierre, seventy acres; George, eighty acres; Joseph, seventy acres; Saltise, the head chief, has between forty-five and fifty acres. Some six or eight of them have fine meadows of timothy hay. There are altogether, large and small, about one hundred and sixty farms, all under good cultivation and excellently fenced. Of their own grain about one third is wheat and two-thirds oats. They find a ready market at Camp Cœur d'Alêne, and the numerous towns near their reservation for their surplus crop, and at prices, too, as a general thing, rather higher than their white neighbors, owing to their being able to pack it on their animals in the spring, when the roads are in such a condition as to be impassable for wagons. In connection with the Fathers, a large granary and root-house

will be erected this fall on the bank of the Cœur d'Alêne Lake, for storage of grain, potatoes, etc., and from there transported by flat-boats, made by lashing two or three canoes together with platform, and enabling them to take a load of three tons down the lake to Camp Cœur d'Alêne.

JAMES O'NEILL, *Farmer in charge.*

FLATHEAD AGENCY, MONTANA.

In presenting my fourth annual report, it affords me great pleasure to state that never in the history of this reservation have the Indians enjoyed a more prosperous season. The snug log-houses, well-fenced fields of waving grain, vegetable gardens, the thriving stock and permanent appearance of the homes of the industrious portion of the tribe is very encouraging, and has a tendency each year to induce the more careless and improvident to follow the example of husbandry and thrift. A number of new farms have been fenced in during the past season, and a general tendency to give up their wandering and hunting proclivities for peaceful pursuits, has marked the year. * * The harvest season is now upon us, and the yield will be good. Some 25,000 bushels of wheat will be harvested, some 5,000 bushels of oats and barley, besides 6,000 or 7,000 bushels of vegetables. * * * A few years ago it was a most difficult matter to induce an Indian to allow his boys to be confined to a school-room; but a wonderful change has taken place, and the number of applicants for admission to the school far exceeds the appropriation for feeding, clothing and taking care of them. The Sisters of Charity have charge of the school, and have competent teachers for boys in fields, mills, and shops, as well as in the school-room. A large number of the children can read and write the English language understandingly, and work in the first four rules of arithmetic. * * * * PETER RONAN,

*U. S. Indian Agent.*

The position of the Indians in the United States is a curious anomaly. They are treated partly on the theory that they are wards of the Government, partly on the supposition that they are separate and independent nations. To all of them definite reservations have been assigned, and to many of the tribes supplies of clothing and provisions are regularly issued under treaty stipulations. The whole management of the Indians belongs to a bureau of the Interior Department at Washington, and those who desire to procure funds for schools or for other purposes must have recourse to this bureau. A certain number of tribes has been assigned to each of several religious denominations, Baptists, Methodists, Quakers and the rest; and each of these deals with the Department through some authorized agent. The Department in Washington must be dealt with by some one living in Washington, who understands the working of the bureau, who can lobby, and watch and wait. Nothing can be obtained by unauthorized applications from a distance. Appreciating this fact, the late Archbishop of Baltimore, with the approval of many Bishops throughout the country, organized a Catholic Bureau in Washington, to take charge of Catholic Indian Missions. It is perfectly well understood by the Department that this bureau represents the interests of the Catholic Indians, but the Department does not and cannot know individual priests at a distance, however worthy and self-sacrificing they may be. Nor can the Department know the difference between the secular and regular clergy; it deals with the Church as with the sects, very much as it would deal with any common corporation, recognizing an accredited agent, but not having anything to do with individual stockholders. The only way to obtain funds, then, from the Government is through this Catholic bureau. Before the bureau was established, our Fathers only obtained for their school at St. Ignatius $2,000 annually, and what has been procured in addition to this of late years, for this and other Mission schools, has been due solely to the efforts of the bureau. It is altogether a matter of business; no other way can be successfully

adopted of dealing with the Government. Nine years ago, when the work of the bureau was begun, the Catholic Missions were in receipt of $8,000 annually; during the two years 1879–80, the receipts amounted to $88,850 from the Government. During the whole period of its existence, the board has procured for the Indians $247,800—of this amount $69,000 was due to the Indians under treaty stipulations, the rest, that is, $178,800, was not due under any treaty, and was obtained solely through the efforts of the bureau in gaining the good will of the department. It may be fairly claimed that the whole amount was obtained by the bureau, for it is well known that treaties are not always fulfilled, unless there be some one to push matters in Washington. The work of the bureau has been done by Gen. Charles Ewing and Rev. J. B. A. Brouillet in the face of opposition and discouragement. Personally they have nothing whatever to gain, theirs is purely a work of zeal. All that they ask is that their position be rightly understood, and fairly represented to the Catholics of the country. The remnants of Indian tribes, whether in charge of our Fathers or of seculars, cannot be educated and civilized without Government aid, this aid can only be procured by authorized agents, the highest ecclesiastical authorities in the country recognize the Catholic Indian Bureau as the agent of the Church, the Government treats with the bureau as such agent, and all who wish to approach the Government on behalf of the Indians must be content to do so through the bureau. Meantime the bureau must be supported, and as it contributes to the support of Jesuit Missions by securing funds for schools at Cœur d'Alêne, Colville and St. Ignatius, it is only fair that our Fathers should say a word in favor of the bureau when occasion offers, that Catholics may understand what it is, and that in giving to it they are giving to the Indians. A Catholic lady of New York recently devised $5,000 to Cardinal McCloskey, in trust for Catholic missions among the infidels. In discharge of his trust, His Eminence gave over the funds to the bureau in Washington, to be distributed in accordance with the sec-

ond article of incorporation of the bureau, viz: "The object for which said society (The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions) is formed is to educate the Indians living within the borders of the United States in the doctrines and moral laws of the Catholic Church—to devise ways and means for the prosecution of such general education." Fourteen boarding schools, established on different Indian reservations, bear testimony to the fidelity of the society in carrying out its main work, and Catholics who generously contribute may be sure that they are taking the best means of helping the Indians. The following figures show that our Missions have received substantial aid through the efforts of the bureau:

Government allotments for schools (1879–80)—

| | |
|---|---|
| Cœur d'Alêne Mission, I. T. . | 5,500 |
| Colville, W. T. . . . . | $8,000 |
| Flathead Agency, Montana . . | 8,000 |

The total amount procured for schools at Jesuit Missions is $62,000. T. E. S.

In connection with the subject of the Indian Missions treated of in the concluding portion of this paper, we add, by special request, the following communication in relation to the same matter:

### Fr. Brouillet's Appeal.

Our schools are limited to seven agencies, the only ones entrusted to our control, and they give facilities for the religious and educational teaching of from twelve thousand to twenty thousand Indians attached to or in immediate relation with those agencies. But the agencies so favored are only seven out of sixty-eight, and they represent only from twelve thousand to twenty thousand Indians out of a population of two hundred and seventy-five thousand, the total Indian population of the United States. What are we going to do with the sixty-one agencies and the two hundred and fifty-five thousand Indians to whom our schools have not yet been extended? Shall we place within their

reach the facilities of hearing the teaching and receiving the training of the Church, or shall we with a cold-blooded indifference leave them to their desperate fate, to live and die in their heathenish practices, and deprived forever of the only saving influences of the Church? From the solution of this problem depends in a great measure, in my judgment, the future progress and improvement of our American Church. It is our duty, whether of justice or of charity does not matter much here—it is our undeniable duty, as I understand it, to provide, so far as our means and facilities may go, for the conversion and Christian training of those unfortunate and degraded members of our national household. If the American Church, collectively, as a united body, and acting with a united feeling of charity and zeal, undertake the work in earnest, and with the noble self-sacrifice which has carried her successfully through so many wonderful undertakings, her progress will be sensibly enhanced, and God's blessings will pour on every side on her numerous and flourishing institutions. Well understood charity never remains unrewarded, either in society or in the individual. But if she shuts her ears and her heart to the appeals of justice and charity made upon her on all sides; if she refuses to listen to so many perishing souls of her own country, who have been, as it were, intrusted by Divine Providence to her charge, woe to our beloved American Church. The curse of God must, sooner or later, be upon her, for God's justice must have its course in society as well as in the individual, and all neglect of duty must be punished.

Individual members of the Church have done their share of the good work. Private contributions have been donated for the conversion of the Indians, but the good example of the donors not having been followed by others, the amount of such donations proves totally inadequate to the requirements of the work.

Such a body of devoted and self-sacrificing teachers as are now engaged in the Indian missionary service cannot be found anywhere else in the United States. The value

of their work, based upon the common estimation of such labors, does not amount to less than $83,000 a year, as we have officially reported to the Office of Indian Affairs, and every cent of this amount has been consumed by these devoted and true friends of the Indians on the very spot where their labors were performed, and for the benefit and improvement of their work. The Government itself has to a great extent done its duty, and not less than from $40,000 to $50,000 of its money is expended every year for the benefit of our Indians.

Now will the Church follow suit, and as a social or collective body issue a common document recommending in earnest terms unanimity of action throughout the United States, and prescribing practical methods of securing the funds required?

## KANSAS.

*Letter from Fr. P. M. Ponziglione.*

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,
Dec. 31, 1881.

REVEREND FATHER,
P. C.

The drought of last summer was the severest and longest that we have felt for many years; and in consequence of it, people were put to much inconvenience and loss, and stock suffered greatly. The crops, which looked very promising in early spring, failed completely over the whole country, and when the season of ploughing had arrived, the ground was as hard as rock, and no plough could break it. It was high time to have recourse to prayer; so, at the opening of September, we invited our people to come and unite with us in the performance of a solemn Triduum, in order to obtain from the bounty of Heaven the rain that was so much needed. The news spread far and wide, and our good Cath-

olics flocked to the services, crowding the Church every night, and joining most fervently in the prayers. You may easily imagine how our Protestant neighbors laughed at the very idea of employing such means to obtain relief. It was amusing to listen to their conversation. "Do you think they will get the rain?" one would ask. "I guess not; do you?" Another would add with a sneering grin, "I guess they will have to send to Rome for it." So they enjoyed themselves at the expense of our good people. We paid no attention to their remarks, but kept on praying. On the very second day of the Triduum, a heavy shower came to refresh the air, and a few days afterwards you would have thought that the flood-gates of Heaven had been opened, so abundant was the rain that fell for several consecutive days. The Protestants could not ignore the fact, and they acknowledged with shame that they had been too hasty in giving expression to their incredulous comments. They felt very grateful, however, as they needed the rain as badly as we did.

These abundant rains interfered with my missionary excursions among the Osages during last fall, for the country became so flooded in various places that it was impossible for me to reach several of the Indian settlements that I had intended to visit.

The Indians, especially the full-bloods, were not much troubled by the drought, for it makes very little difference to them whether the season be wet or dry. If the waters rise in the lowlands, they move their camps to the hills; and if it becomes too dry on the hills, they strike their tents, and go to encamp along some large stream, where there is plenty of water for themselves and their horses. They do not cultivate the ground, and have no fixed dwelling place; all that they want is good hunting-ground, for they live by the chase. When the weather is dry, they go to the high plains and set the grass on fire. By this means they drive the game towards the streams, and manage to secure it without much difficulty. Deer seem to be very much afraid of fire, and as soon as they notice smoke arising on the

plains, they start for the timber land along the river courses, where they fall an easy prey to the Indian hunter.

The wet season, on the other hand, does not interfere with hunting; on the contrary, I might say, it helps it. During this season the grass springs up rapidly on the plains; the deer are attracted by the fresh and tender vegetation, and wherever they go, they leave their cloven-footed tracks deeply impressed upon the wet and muddy paths. The Indian ever on the watch, as soon as he has noticed a track of this kind, has a sure trail to follow, and it will not take him long to come up with the game. Generally speaking, if an Indian get sight of game, he is sure to bring it down. So no matter what the season may be, he can make a living so long as he has a hunting ground. But he never has any meat to spare; for an Indian is a first class trencherman. He disposes of the furs for the necessary supplies of life; but he always keeps some in reserve to purchase fire-water, or bad whiskey, from which he cannot abstain if it be possible for him to get it.

When the Kansas legislature last year passed the so-called Temperance Amendment, we were in hopes that better times were now in store for our Indians, and that there would be a greater chance of improving them. It was thought, that the sale or manufacture of whiskey, which is the greatest obstacle to their civilization, being forbidden by the law of the State, it would be impossible for them to procure any further supplies of the baneful liquor. Vain illusion! The Temperance Amendment, so far from diminishing the liquor traffic, has only increased it amongst both whites and Indians.

The Indian's love of strong drink, or fire-water as he calls it, is beyond comprehension. No matter how high a chief may stand in the esteem of his people, if he can procure liquor, he will drink to excess, nor will he stop until the supply is exhausted. During the whole time of my dealing with the Osages, a period of more than thirty years, I have known but one really sober man amongst them, who could never be induced under any consideration to taste a

drop of whiskey. This man, who is now about seventy-five years of age, is stout and healthy, and in very good circumstances; and his prosperity is due to his sobriety. The whiskey sold to the Indians is downright poison, and hundreds have been carried by it to an untimely grave. The diseases brought on by excessive use of this vile stuff are terrible, the scurvy in its most hideous and loathsome developments being the worst of all. This disease becomes at times epidemic, and will depopulate the whole of a town in one season. Blindness is another of the diseases brought on them by intemperance. Their sight at first becomes dim; after a while, their eyes look glassy and dull; finally, a white skin grows over them, and they are blind for life. This misfortune, however, has in many instances been beneficial to them, for material blindness brought light to their soul: as this expression may seem mysterious, let me illustrate the subject by some examples.

The Indian, for the most part, is brought to fall into intemperate habits, unwittingly and unwillingly, and consequently some allowance should be made for him. And if, unfortunately, he should happen to lose his sight by this indulgence, he is apt to become the wiser in consequence of the calamity. For when an Indian becomes blind, he is placed outside the occasions of doing much mischief; he can no longer rove over the plains with his fellow-braves, and being obliged to keep to his tent, if any good friend will take the pains to instruct him, he listens with pleasure, and will act up to what he is taught, if he possibly can.

I said that a blind Indian will generally stay at home, but there are occasional exceptions, and some years ago we had such a one amongst the Osages. He was a large man, whom we used to call Simeon, and he had lost his sight from drinking bad whiskey. This happened some time after the Mission had been established, and being well acquainted with our house, he frequently dropped in to have a social chat with us. He had never seen me, for he was already blind when I came here, but having got acquainted with my voice, and knowing that he could occasionally get a

little piece of tobacco from me, he used to come frequently to my room. I did not object to his visits, for I could always learn something and improve in the Osage language by conversing with him. Our conversation naturally took a religious turn, and as he was a willing listener, faith by degrees entered into his heart, and as he offered no obstacle to the workings of divine grace, he gradually came to the conclusion of abandoning his heathen practices, and I may say with truth, that his blindness brought him to the light of the Gospel, and he received the grace of Baptism.

This man had an excellent memory, and he remembered all the roads leading to the houses of his old friends, and as he was very fond of company, he was frequently on the move visiting now one, now another. In these excursions he would go sometimes by himself alone as far as fifteen miles from home. The sun whose heat he felt upon his face was his compass; he knew all the usual crossings of the creeks and rivers, and by dipping his hand into the water he could judge of the force of the current, and decide whether he could ford it or not, and he used to wade in and cross the streams without any assistance. It happened one day that he made up his mind to visit a friend living some fifteen miles north of this Mission, and having started off by himself, he did not miss a step until he came within three miles of the place, when he lost the track and went astray. He soon discovered his critical position, and having no one to assist him, the poor man prayed to God with his whole heart and soul to have pity upon him, and help him out of this trouble. Having kissed the cross of his prayer-beads, he struck off at random without any idea of the direction he was taking, and wonderful to be said, he went on in the right way, his Angel Guardian no doubt directing him. The people of the house to which he was going, noticed him while he was some distance away, and could not make out, why or how he should come from that direction, and you may conceive their amazement when they heard of his adventure.

As blindness was a blessing to our old Simeon, so also did

the loss of sight prove beneficial to another old Indian who went by the name of Captain Jack. He belonged to the tribe of Missouris, but lived amongst the Osages, his own nation being almost extinct. He had been a hard drinker in his youth, and blindness fell upon him in consequence of his excesses in this respect, about two years before his death. This man was very familiar with me, and whenever he came to see me, I used to fill his pipe with some good tobacco; so that, when he became blind, he made his way by a peculiar instinct to my room, in order to have a chat and a good smoke. He was at this time about eighty years of age, but his memory was unimpaired, and he was gifted with good common sense and always listened with great attention to my instructions. In those days, I had in my room a beautiful representation in lively colors, of our Lord in the house of Caiaphas, where surrounded by the Jews he was insulted and abused during the night before his Passion. Captain Jack admired this picture very much, and he had often come to my room to gaze upon it, and at every visit I had been called upon to explain the meaning of the sacred painting.

After he had become blind, he kept up the habit of coming to my room, and placing himself before the picture, just as if he could still see it, he would exclaim: "O Son of God, how sorry I am not to be able to see Thee any longer! O, could I but see Thee once again!" After remaining silent for a while, as if absorbed in prayer, he would point the index finger of his right hand at the Jews represented in the picture, saying: "O ye wicked men, who dare to spit upon the face of the Son of God, how glad I am that I can see you no more!"

Seeing the good dispositions of Captain Jack, I often advised him to abandon his foolish pagan superstitions and to be baptized. His uniform answer was that he should like to follow my advice; but he was accustomed to add: "In my younger days I have been too much of a brave to do now so good a thing as to enter into the ways of my God." By these words, he meant to signify that he regarded himself as unworthy to be ranked amongst the followers of Jesus

Christ, because in former years he had committed too many depredations and killed too many people. The poor old man spoke through a sincere feeling of humility, and this, I believe, procured for him in the end the grace of a true conversion. Some two months before he died he was baptized by Father John Schoenmakers. Through blindness this man also found the truth, and as we hope, attained eternal happiness.

These examples show most evidently, that these despised Indians have good and noble souls, that they love the truth, and are willing to follow its teachings when once they have discovered it. Not only are they well-inclined to the truth itself, but they have also great respect and affection for those, who without any hopes of personal advantage, dedicate themselves to a life of sacrifice and hardship, in order to point out to them where this truth is to be found.

PAUL M. PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

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## JUBILEE MISSIONS IN NEBRASKA.

(*Continued.*)

CRETE, SALINE CO.—Fathers Türk and Hillman opened a mission in this place on Sunday, Oct. 16th. Crete, a lively little town with over two thousand inhabitants, is situated on the Big Blue River, and at the junction of the Beatrice branch with the main line of the Burlington and Missouri Railroad. The weather was cold and rainy on Sunday and Monday, and the condition of the roads was so bad in consequence, that many families living at a distance could not attend. Many German and Bohemian Catholics live in town and in the surrounding country, and for their benefit sermons in German and Bohemian were preached every day of the mission. The Masses were at 7.30, 8, and 10 o'clock; during the 10 o'clock Mass, Father Türk gave a German Sermon, and Fr. Hillman preached in English after Mass.

At 3 P. M. Fr. Türk preached to the Bohemians; and at 7.30 P. M. the beads were said in German followed by an English sermon and the Benediction. The Fathers stopped at the pastoral residence adjoining the church, and the Pastor, Rev. W. Wolf, did all in his power to render their stay pleasant and comfortable. During the mission one hundred and forty-five Communions were distributed and thirteen Bohemian children were baptized. On Friday and Saturday we had again cold rainy weather, and we anticipated a poor mission in Friendville, the next place on our list.

FRIENDVILLE, SALINE CO.—Friendville is a small town about seventeen miles west of Crete, and is attended twice a month by Rev. Fr. Wolf, pastor of Crete. The mission opened on Sunday, Oct. 23rd; the congregation was larger than we had dared to expect after the terrible rain of the preceding days. The weather, however, having cleared up on Sunday and continuing fair during the week, the attendance at all the exercises was very large. For the benefit of the German Catholics of this congregation, Fr. Türk preached a German Sermon every day after the 10 o'clock Mass. All the other exercises were given in English. We had to stop at a boarding-house kept by Mrs. Satterfield, a Protestant. The accommodation and table were rather poor, but no other place could be found. The number of Communions distributed was exactly two hundred. Fr. Türk left on Wednesday for Exeter, where according to promise he visited the Bohemian settlement south of that place. On Saturday afternoon the Fathers were on their way to Hastings, where the mission had to be opened on Sunday, Oct. 30th.

HASTINGS, ADAMS CO.—Hastings, the county seat of Adams Co., is the largest town on the Burlington and Missouri railroad west of Lincoln. It is also a station on the St. Joseph and Western Railway, a division of the Union Pacific railroad system. The church and pastoral residence are within a stone's throw from the crossing of these two railroads. The location is not a very desirable one, especially for a nervous man. The weather being favorable and roads

in good condition, the exercises were pretty well attended. Many old sinners were reclaimed, and one hundred and eighty-three communions were distributed. The pastor, Rev. Fr. Simeon, being of opinion that one Father could attend to the work in Hastings, Fr. Türk went to Fairfield, Clay Co., nineteen miles south-east of Hastings, and gave a mission for the benefit of the Bohemians settled in that neighborhood. The results were, however, anything but encouraging, only twenty-two communions having been distributed. From Fairfield he went to Red Cloud, the county seat of Webster Co., where he visited a small Bohemian settlement—seventeen approached the Sacraments.

The Missions at O'Connor Colony, Greeley Co., and at Central City, Merrick Co., were the next on the list, but were abandoned; the former, because the church had been destroyed by a cyclone a few months before; the latter, because Rev. E. Geary, the first resident pastor, was not prepared to have a mission. Fr. Hillman on his way home from Hastings stopped at Grand Island and proposed to Rev. R. Phelan, the pastor, to begin a mission either at Grand Island or at Wood River on the 13th of November. He gladly accepted the proposal; but owing to the heavy snowstorm on the 10th and 11th of November, this mission also was abandoned.

On Nov. 7th, Fr. Türk opened a triduum in the church of St. Mary Magdalen, Omaha, for the benefit of the German Catholics. The attendance at the exercise was pretty fair, and one hundred and fifty-two availed themselves of this occasion to comply with the conditions prescribed for the gaining of the Jubilee. Shortly afterwards he was requested by the Rt. Rev. Bishop to take temporary charge of the Bohemian congregation in Omaha, which owing to the removal of Rev. Klima, O. S. B., was left without a pastor. He hopes, however, that this charge will be of a very limited duration; because he is anxious to apply to the work for which principally he was sent to Nebraska, viz: to visit those Bohemian settlements, which are seldom

or never attended by priests of their own nationality, and which are more likely to lose the faith than any other.

Columbus, Platte Co.—After a rest of two weeks, necessitated by circumstances referred to above, Fr. Hillman left Omaha on Nov. 19th, and arrived on the same day at Columbus, where a mission was to be opened on Sunday, Nov. 20th. Columbus, the county seat of Platte Co., is a little town with about 2,300 inhabitants, situated on the Union Pacific Railway, and ninety-two miles west of Omaha. The pastor, Rev. J. M. Ryan, met the missionary at the depot and conducted him to the pastoral residence, a two story frame building, which, if required, would accommodate two priests. Rev. Father Ryan is one of the pioneer priests of Nebraska; he has labored much and gone through many hardships. When the number and the time of the exercises were being settled upon, the Rev. Pastor thought as a matter of course, that the missionary should sing the High-Mass and give the opening sermon after it. It was further agreed upon, that the evening service on Sunday should take place at seven o'clock and should consist of the rosary, a sermon and some prayers; that during the week the morning exercise should be given at ten o'clock, and the evening exercise at seven. Fr. Hillman had to say the late Mass every day of the mission and, without his breakfast, had to go through all the hard work, which in missions like these, always comes in the forenoon. As an additional consolation, he was told that the church was on the edge of the town, at a distance of over half a mile from the house.

We had very beautiful and favorable weather during the mission; the sky was clear and the air cold and bracing. The attendance was very fair and at some of the exercises very large. On Sunday afternoon the children came to the church; the missionary spoke to them on Confession, assisting them to examine their consciences and to excite sorrow for their sins, and then heard their confessions. During the mission one hundred and seventy-one Communions were distributed and five adults were instructed and prepared for their first Communion. On the last evening the Benedic-

tion of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given in this church for the first time. The Franciscan Friars and Nuns have each a convent in Columbus. The Nuns take care of the hospital; and the Friars attend to one of the two congregations in the town as also to various other congregations in this and the neighboring counties. The two convents and the hospital may not be strong and solid brick buildings; but they look very fine at a distance and certainly add to the appearance of Columbus. Fr. Hillman paid a visit to the convent of the Friars on Friday, and was cordially received by the four Fathers residing there. On Saturday, he left Columbus and arrived early in the afternoon at Fremont, where the next mission was to be given.

FREMONT, DODGE CO.—On Sunday, Nov. 27th, after the High Mass a mission was opened in St. Patrick's church, Fremont. This is one of the largest towns on the main line of the Union Pacific and is situated at the junction of this and the Sioux City and Pacific Railway. At this point both the East and West-bound overland trains stop twenty minutes for dinner; the eating-house belongs to Mr. Mevis, a fervent and edifying convert to the Catholic church, and one of the most respected citizens of the town.

The church, which used to stand south of the rail-road track and in a poor locality, has been removed to one of the most eligible sites for church purposes in the town. This property was secured by the present zealous Pastor, Rev. T. W. O'Connor, and will give ample room for a large church, a residence and schools with the necessary play-grounds. The church, since its removal, has been improved as to its exterior, but more especially as to its interior appearance. It is now one of the prettiest and most devotional little churches in Nebraska: all the furniture of the church is neat, tasty and kept in excellent order. The Catholics of Fremont, who used to be attended only once a month, have now two masses every Sunday, and have been wonderfully improved in morals, and especially in the knowledge and understanding of religion and religious practices. This

happy change is owing to the great zeal of the Rev. Pastor and to the valuable aid he receives from his worthy assistant, Rev. J. F. Quinn, who attends principally to the many outlying missions, which the Rt. Rev. Bishop has entrusted to their care. The opening sermon of the mission was preached after the High Mass to a large audience; in the afternoon an instruction was given to the children, and they were told to come to confession on Wednesday afternoon. In the evening at 7. 30, the exercise consisting of the Rosary, a sermon and the Benediction, was largely attended, many of the audience being Protestants, who were very attentive and respectful in their behavior. For week-days the exercises were: one Mass at 8, and another at 9.30, the latter being followed by a sermon; in the afternoon at three o'clock the Way of the Cross was performed, a devotion which was well attended and which seemed to be very much to the taste of the good and pious people of the congregation; in the evenings at 7.30, the exercise was the same as on Sunday and exceedingly well attended. On Monday afternoon Fr. Türk came to Fremont, heard a few German and Bohemian confessions on Tuesday morning, and then went to Schuyler, Colfax Co., in order to give a triduum to the Bohemians, who have settled down in that neighborhood in considerable numbers. The triduum however was not a success, since only sixteen confessions were heard and but five communions distributed. The failure may be attributed principally to the fact, that Schuyler although placed under the jurisdiction of the Pastor of Fremont, is nevertheless looked upon as disputed territory by three Bohemian priests, who live in the neighboring counties.

On Tuesday during the mission in Fremont a High Mass of Requiem was celebrated for the repose of the souls of the deceased members of the congregation; and on Thursday another High Mass was sung to give thanks to God for all the favors received during the mission. The total of Communions distributed was two hundred and forty-four; one adult was prepared for his first communion; and the pardon of the congregation was asked by the mission-

ary in behalf of one who had contracted marriage in a manner contrary to the laws and regulations of the Catholic church. Many old sinners were reconciled with their God, and on the whole this was one of the most consoling and most satisfactory missions given in the Vicariate.

Fr. Türk came back from Schuyler on Friday, and both he and Fr. Hillman returned on the same day to Omaha, where they once more enjoyed the hospitality of Creighton College.

Sidney, Cheyenne Co.—On the day after the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Fr. Hillman left Omaha for Sidney, the next scene of his labors. Sidney, the county-seat of Cheyenne Co., a town with about twelve hundred inhabitants, is the last place of any note along the Union Pacific Railway in Nebraska. It is situated four hundred and fourteen miles west of Omaha, and has an elevation of over four thousand feet above the level of the sea. From this place a stage route leads to Fort Robinson and Red Cloud Agency, and further on to Deadwood and the Black Hills. Sidney is also a military post, and four companies (three of cavalry and one of infantry) are stationed here. From the information which the missionary received, it seems that a considerable number of these soldiers are Catholics or at least ought to be; only ten or twelve, however, attended some of the exercises of the mission, and but four approached the Sacraments. The mission was opened on Sunday, Dec. 11th, at the eleven o'clock Mass, which was attended by the larger portion of the small congregation. In the afternoon an instruction was given to the children, who came to confession on the Wednesday following. The evening services which were held at seven o'clock, were especially well attended and consisted of the Rosary, a sermon and some prayers. On Monday morning, Rev. Fr. T. M. Conway, Pastor of North Platte arrived at Sidney, the most remote point of his jurisdiction. It was agreed that the Masses should be said at six and at nine, the latter being followed by a sermon. The six o'clock Mass was especially for the benefit of those Catholic men, who had to

work along the railroad or on the depot-grounds, as also of the soldiers who wished to attend Mass. During the mission seven old sinners were reclaimed, ninety-two confessions were heard, sixty-nine communions distributed; and the pardon of the congregation was asked by the missionary for the scandal given by a young woman, who had been married to a Protestant before a Protestant Minister.—The little church is a very neat frame building, handsomely furnished; it is the pride of the Catholics, who deem it their duty to keep the church in good order, and to make such improvements as may be needed. The missionary enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Edward Lowry, who endeavored to render his stay as agreeable and comfortable as possible. Not far from his house is the county prison, which seemed to be well filled. The people of Sidney think they are making rapid progress in civilization and good manners; for during the preceding year only one man was lynched and only four murders were committed, quite an improvement on former records. On Friday evening, Fr. Hillman in company of Rev. Fr. Conway left Sidney and arrived about three o'clock A. M. on Saturday at North Platte, which was the next place on the list of missions.

North Platte, Lincoln Co.—North Platte, the county-seat of Lincoln Co., is situated near the confluence of the North and South Forks of the Platte River, and two hundred and ninety-one miles west of Omaha. The town has about 1,700 inhabitants, and possesses quite a number of good substantial brick buildings, prominent among which are the extensive Union Pacific Railway shops, which give employment to the larger portion of the male population. It is also a division point of the Union Pacific, and every train going either East or West, changes hands at this place. —The church, a rather strange-looking piece of architecture, is in a dilapidated condition, and does not afford sufficient accommodation to the members of the congregation. The Pastor, Rev. T. M. Conway, is seriously thinking of building a new church and of converting the present church into a parochial school, which is not only desirable, but nec-

essary in this place, where the faith is not very deep-rooted, owing principally to the fact that about three fourths of the marriages contracted here during the last ten years, are mixed marriages; and this, perhaps more than anything else, contributes towards the diminution and the loss of faith and practical religion everywhere. The mission was opened on Sunday, Dec. 18th, after the High Mass, the church being well filled. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the hour for Sunday school, the missionary was agreeably surprised to find the church nearly filled with children, about one hundred being present. He explained to them how they might gain the Jubilee, and exhorted them to prepare well for their confessions, which would be heard on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. The Rev. Pastor has succeeded admirably well in creating and keeping up an interest in the Sunday school; for the children are anxious to come, and the parents are equally anxious that they should attend. If this school continues to prosper, and with the help of God he is determined it shall, the introduction of a Parochial school will not meet with many difficulties. The evening exercise which consisted of the Rosary, a sermon and the Benediction, were especially well attended. During the week the first Mass was said at six, for the benefit of the railroad-men; the second at half past eight. The Stations, at three o'clock P. M., were attended especially by the women and children; the men being more numerous at the six o'clock Mass and the evening service. The number of Communions distributed was one hundred and forty; three adults were prepared for their first Communion, and one young man received the holy Sacrament of Baptism. Many who had neglected their duties for years were reconciled with their God; and on the whole the mission was productive of much fruit. On Thursday evening after the conclusion of the mission, the missionary was kept busy till nearly eleven o'clock, and he did not dare to go to bed, for fear he would be late for the train, which was to leave North Platte for the east at twenty minutes past two on Friday morning. He left North Platte for Kearney Junc-

tion, about 96 miles distant, where he took the Burlington and Missouri route for Exeter, the residence of Reverend J. Jennette, at one of whose stations, Grafton namely, a mission was to be opened on Christmas day.

Grafton, Fillmore Co.—On Christmas eve, Fr. Hillman left Exeter and went to Grafton, only fourteen miles distant. where he enjoyed the hospitality of Captain Patrick S. Real, one of the founders of the place, and one of its most respected inhabitants. Grafton is a little town with about three hundred and fifty inhabitants, by railroad one hundred and thirty-two miles Southwest of Omaha. One of the most prominent buildings in the town is the Catholic church, which is among the neatest and most comfortable little churches in the Vicariate. To the joy and the great satisfaction of the Catholics, the interior of the church was improved during the mission by the addition of a new and very handsome altar, built by Gramer and Co. of Chicago.

On arriving at Grafton, the missionary had sent word around that three Masses would be said on Christmas day: the first at 8.30; the second at 9.30; the third at eleven o'clock. The people, however, did not seem to appreciate the great favor; because only three were present at the first Mass and none at the second; at the third, more than one half of the congregation came late. The Father to his sorrow had to open the mission with a severe reprimand, and told them that he could not and would not wish them a merry Christmas. This negligence was as far as possible repaired by their faithful attendance at all the other exercises of the mission, and by the really good and consoling dispositions they showed in approaching the Sacraments. The weather was exceedingly favorable, which enabled farmers living at a distance of twelve or fifteen miles to attend the Jubilee Mission, during which one hundred and fifty-six confessions were heard; one hundred and forty-four communions were distributed, and one adult was prepared for his first communion. On Sunday the missionary baptized a little infant and on Monday morning he administered the last Sacraments to a lady who appeared to be in a very criti-

cal and almost dying condition. On Tuesday evening, just after the exercise, an accident occurred which might have proved fatal. Through the thoughtlessness or the ignorance of somebody, one of the chandeliers with three burning coal-oil-lamps fell down from the ceiling. Happily the lamps were extinguished in the fall and the loss of one lamp, three globes and chimneys, and the staining of the floor were the only bad consequences of the accident. The next day the chandeliers were fixed in such a manner as to render another accident impossible, unless the roof itself should fall in. On Friday morning the missionary returned to Exeter, and on Saturday, December 31st, he arrived in Omaha, in time to wish his brethren a happy New Year.

The following are the totals of the fruits obtained: Communions, 4,400; Confessions, 4,468; adults prepared for first communion, 34; children baptized, 38; adults baptized, 2; pardon asked of congregation for scandals given, in behalf of five persons; marriages blessed, 3; marriages revalidated, 2; last Sacraments administered to one person.

## INDIAN MISSIONS.

### MISSION OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

*Letter of Father P. Damiani to Father J. M. Cataldo, Superior General of the Mission.*

I send you herewith, in fulfilment of my promise, an account of the journey which I lately made to Milk River, in order to visit the Half Breeds of that section, and to sound the dispositions of the Assinniboine Indians. I stayed the first night at the little village of Sun River, and took up my lodgings in a house, against the wishes, it would seem, of a countless host of insects, which came swarming to the attack from all sides, and did not give me a moment's peace for the whole of that long night, which I spent partly

in waging unequal war with the above-mentioned enemies, and partly in exhorting myself to resignation and patience. At the dawn of day, I made my escape, and after a long journey, I thought it would be much better to encamp upon the prairie: but it was only exchanging bad for worse. Insects of a different breed, which infest the prairies, more multitudinous and sanguinary than those which beset me the night before in the house, never desisted from their attacks all the night long: partial relief was obtained by filling the tent with dense clouds of smoke, but the remedy was perhaps a worse annoyance than the disease. After this fashion I made the whole journey, with constant change but no improvement of the circumstances, until the fourth of July brought me to the Half Breed camp, not far from Fort Assinniboine.

I remained there until the Sunday following, with plenty of occupation, as I gathered together the people twice a day for instruction, catechized the children, administered Baptism, and was so busy hearing confessions that it sometimes kept me employed up to midnight. Sunday night, I had a sick-call to Bear Paw Mountain, some twenty miles distant from camp. I gave the Last Sacraments to the sick man, a young Canadian, who along with other Half Breeds was working there chopping wood for Fort Assinniboine, and having said Mass the next morning, at which several approached the Holy Table, I set out for Fort Belknap. I found another camp of Half Breeds in the neighborhood of the Fort, and for two days I was busy with them, visiting at the same time the Assinniboine Indians, who were not far off. This tribe is still wholly pagan, but they are a people well disposed to receive instruction, and were it not for the Methodist Agent in charge of them, I believe that with the divine assistance much good might be accomplished among them.

I made known to them through my interpreter the object of my visit. The principal chiefs were not present: they were hunting buffalo at a considerable distance. I lodged with a man who acted as chief for the time. He received

me kindly, and having understood the object of my journey, he immediately called together all the men in the camp to hear what I had to say, and that I might personally learn the dispositions of each individual. Then he began to prepare the calumet, an indispensable preliminary to every friendly consultation. I had communicated to my interpreter what I wished to say to the Indians, and as he is a man of solid piety and sound sense, I had given him the liberty to add whatever he should judge to be appropriate, and this I did the more readily, because he is a Half Breed related to many of the Indians, understands their character thoroughly, and is highly esteemed by them.

He began to address them in the following terms: "My children! Our Father in Heaven has sent me to-day into your midst, to point out to you what He desires from all of us. He desires that all whom He has sent into this world should observe His commandments. Almost all of the surrounding nations have already received the word of the Great Spirit: you alone have not this great happiness, and for this reason, my children, God has sent me to you. If you wish for happiness after death, and to enjoy the vision of Our Father in Heaven, it is absolutely necessary for you to join the Catholic Church and receive holy Baptism. If, then, you wish for this, I ask you to allow your children to be baptized, in order that they may first begin to walk in the way of the Lord. Why do I ask that your children should go before you? Because I know that you love your children dearly, and I am sure that you will not allow your children to travel the right way alone. As for you who are grown up, it is necessary to know what Baptism is before you receive it. There is still another thing that you ought to know. When the body dies, the soul does not die; and God, our Father, does not wish to have the body, but the soul, and in order to go and see him one day in heaven, the soul must be pure, you must practise virtue, you must put into execution that which He has taught you."

So far my interpreter, whose speech I have faithfully

translated, as I shall do for the reply of the chief, delivered in the name of all the bystanders, who interrupted his remarks by frequent bursts of applause. He said: "During the many years that I have lived, such good words as yours I have never listened to, O my Father! When I was a young man, I often came across white men, who never addressed such words to me; on the contrary, they used expressions which caused me much pain. Once I met a Black Gown at the Yellowstone, who said precisely the same things to me that I hear from you to-day, and he declared that God would some day be mindful of us. This day, then, the Great Spirit, Whom we were ignorant of, grants to us the favor of hearing His word. Yes, my Father! you are not mistaken, we do love our children. Since, then, God offers the occasion for our children to be happy, we shall not be so ungrateful as to reject His mercy. When our children shall have opened the way in which we must walk in order to see our Heavenly Father, we hope that He will also have compassion on us. Take pity on us, my Father, and come back when all the camp will be here. I am sure that if they were now present here, all would be of the same sentiments as those which I express to you. I am sure that all will listen to you, when the time for instruction comes. Assuredly, we should walk in the path of our relations, the Half Breeds; and, therefore, I pledge to you that no one will refuse to listen to your words. Again, I say, my Father, have pity upon us, and come back speedily to visit us. At your return, you can live in the house that I am now building, and you will receive a hearty welcome." So far this good Indian, and it may be easily imagined how deeply I was moved by such an answer.

After this my interpreter replied, and told them in my name, that their words were most pleasing to me, that I was delighted with their good dispositions and desires to learn the wishes of the Great Spirit, and that they should continue in the same sentiments; that I should pray for this, but that to merit this favor from God, they should on their part abstain from evil and practise virtue: that my

heart should be always with them even when I was far away, and that I hoped to see them again during the coming spring. Finally, I told them to inform the absent chiefs of my intention, so that I might begin to instruct and baptize without delay at my next visit. Our interview was closed with mutual signs of esteem, and having shaken hands with them, I returned to Fort Belknap.

There are many difficulties in the way of doing much good among these poor savages, although their dispositions are so excellent. The first, and perhaps the principal obstacle is the Government Agent, who is a Methodist, and regards us with an evil eye. At the visit which I paid him, he received me civilly, but shortly afterwards he had it intimated to me that I should not be allowed to see the Indians again without obtaining permission from Washington, and that if I were not furnished with such permission, he should expel me from the Agency, if it were necessary. Your Reverence must see to it that this permission is obtained, and I think it will not be a difficult matter. Let us pray that every impediment may be removed which stands in the way of leading to the fold of Jesus Christ these strayed sheep, who are so desirous of being received into it, but whom the malice of men is dragging to ruin.

On the 15th of July, I was on my way back to the Residence. Nothing beyond the ordinary incidents of such a trip marked my return, except that there was a deluge of rain, it was as cold as in winter, and the roads were badly broken. After a few days of rest I shall be off for Judith Basin whither the good Catholic inhabitants have been for some time inviting me. In union etc., etc.

P. Damiani, S. J.

*Extracts from a letter of a Father of St. Ignatius' Mission.*

In this Mission we have only to hold what our zealous predecessors have won by their labors. The Indians are in general civilized, instructed and industrious. The greater portion of them live near the fields and gardens which they carefully cultivate, at various distances from the Mission.

On Sundays and Festivals they come in great numbers to the church, some of them from quite a distance. All are deserving of praise for regularity in frequenting the Sacraments. There is a standing work of great labor for the missionary in attendance upon the sick and dying; for as soon as an Indian begins to feel unwell, he immediately summons the priest from a distance of twenty, thirty or forty miles, and after having received the Sacraments, he is perfectly calm and resigned to whatever may happen.

The proximity of the whites supplies plenty of work: they are somewhat neglected on account of the scarcity of missionaries. They constantly complain of this indifference in their regard, and accuse us of employing all our time in the service of the Indians, devoting little or none to them. It is a fact beyond dispute that the white people here have more need of instruction and of missionary aid than any of the instructed Indian converts.

*St. Joseph's Mission, Yakima.*—A Father of this Mission writes as follows to the Superior General, Father Cataldo:

"In my late journey, which was of some length, I administered a certain number of Baptisms. I came across nearly all of the Winakes, and had the opportunity of giving them two instructions daily in the Yakima language, which they understand pretty fairly. During Sunday, there was not a moment of the entire day, that my tent was not filled with Indians, eager to hear me speak about prayer, explain the catechism, or some truth of our holy religion. Although they all understand well enough the Yakima language in which I spoke to them, it was nevertheless grateful to them that I taught the prayers and some things of the catechism in their own native tongue, and so I am resolved to learn it, as I am sure that by this means I shall be able to accomplish more good among them. I had several Baptisms, some confessions dating a long time back, and many promised that they would ask for Baptism before long. But it is pretty hard for me to remain alone for any length of time in a camp of savages; if I had a companion it would be a great consolation to me, and moreover much more good might be accomplished."

# TEXAS.

*Letter of Fr. Ferdinand P. Garesché.*

SEGUIN, TEXAS.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,

Last summer I was invited to give a mission in Refugio. Leaving Seguin in the month of June by the Sunset route, I took the hack at Howard for Gonzales, about twelve miles distant. Although the weather was warm and the roads dusty, or rather, on that very account, I preferred to sit with the driver, as the interior of the vehicle was overcrowded. At Gonzales, I went inside, with only one passenger on the same seat beside me, and yet I found myself straightened for room, though it is true my companion was of a large build. Think then what it must be to make a journey of over a hundred miles, as has been more than once my case, with three persons jammed into the same space. Note, too, that in nearly all these lines of partial travel, you must carry your own provisions, or be satisfied with an occasional cup of coffee and a biscuit. I have been more than once caught in this way, and in a trip of thirty-six hours' length had two cups of coffee and a few biscuits for my only sustenance.

Leaving Gonzales at noon, we reached Cuero in the evening, having made nearly forty miles. The weather was already sensibly warmer because there was here more moisture than at Seguin. It was at Cuero that our good Father McLaughlin was last stationed, and every one was still full of his praise.

I was to have proceeded from this place to Victoria by rail, and thence by private conveyance to my destination, forty miles distant, but the pastor of Refugio finding no one to send for me and having ascertained that one of his parishioners was going to Cuero, changed his plans accordingly, and thus I had sixty miles to make instead of forty. Fortu-

nately the driver made inquiries for me early in the morning before I could take the train, and so prevented me from disappointing the mission. Things are managed very loosely down here, and appointments are made and broken with a reckless disregard to punctuality which is exasperating to one who has not been brought up on "*la mañana*" (the tomorrow) plan, and which the Texans seem to have inherited from the Mexicans. For instance, I made an engagement this same year to give a mission in North Texas, and had therefore to decline another in West Texas, three or four hundred miles from here, which was offered to me about the same time. Would you believe that the former pastor afterwards suddenly gave up the notion of a mission for fear there would not be a sufficiently large attendance, and again, still later, resumed the idea, when I was engaged elsewhere? Pleasant that, is it not?

Leaving Cuero after noon, we halted for the night at Meyersville, a German Catholic settlement, where I met Bishop Neraz who had come to give Confirmation. That night having occasion to walk out in the brush near the residence I became poisoned by a creeping plant, called, I think, "*rus toxicodendron.*" I did not find it out until the next day, and after having suffered from it all the rest of the year I have the assurance from every one that it will attack me every spring and disappear only during the winter. Its effects are an itching and inflamed skin, which, if not attended to, breaks out in pustules and ulcerous sores. Ever since I have carried about with me a box of salve formed of cosmoline and calomel which, so soon as the symptoms declare themselves, I rub on the affected part, in my case the upper part of the face, and especially the eye-lids.

Starting at 4 A. M., we arrived at Goliad (Nuevo) about noon. By this time, what with the sun and fatigue, the poison had begun to operate. I had stopped at a Catholic family, half American, half Mexican, and wholly devout, and more than usually well cultivated. Seeing the state in which I was, my face inflamed, my brain burning, they urged me not to proceed. But what could I do! It was already Friday,

and on Sunday the mission was to be opened. It was not in my opinion a question of danger, but only of pain, and I never like to miss an appointment, so we proceeded. Just beyond the river, the San Antonio, we diverged a half a mile to visit the old fort, of which the adjoining church alone remains and is still used. All around are ruined walls and soldiers' quarters, where Fannin and his command were, in despite of military convention, so mercilessly put to death. The beautiful San Antonio, they say, was reddened for a long distance by the blood of the massacre. In spite of my eyes I took a hasty sketch of the church and surrounding ruins. I have little remembrance of the remainder of the journey, save that I arrived worn out and delirious, at the Mission, for so the place is called. Here was one of those old battle fields on which the soldiers of the Cross waged ungrateful and unsuccessful war with Indian savagery. It was never a large or promising station, though the present church built on the site of the old one does not occupy the whole foundation. The bell in use was one cast by the missionaries themselves on the spot, and tradition still points out the place where the casting was made.

The congregation here is diminishing in number, for this is the region of the cattle-kings, and they embrace every occasion to buy out the small holder and to render his stay unprofitable if not impossible, so as to make room for their ranchos of twenty-five to a hundred thousand acres, where roam their countless herds of Texan cattle.

Saturday I abandoned to rest and the doctor, and Sunday found me barely able to commence the mission. That week was a hard and scarcely a successful one, for though all made the mission, it was evident that the spirit was not one of great fervor. This may have been principally owing to my indisposition, which gave way only towards the close of the week, and with all my good will I found three sermons a day in such a sultry climate rather more than my poor powers could do justice to. The Pastor and people seemed more satisfied than the missionary, and you must remember that there is in Texas no Celtic sympathy and

magnetism of faith and feeling, to act and react on people and preacher.

I had here a remarkable instance of the democratic equality which was once more general throughout the South, and is still so observable, at least in Texas, and outside of the larger cities. There were families in Refugio with large possessions, and with homes furnished on the most liberal scale of expenditure, and yet their members mixed on terms of friendship with artisans and mechanics, and held them as fully their equals in social standing. This I have remarked generally elsewhere in Texas.

The mission closed, the question arose how was I to return to Seguin? No opportunity presented itself of going to Cuero or to Victoria, so I accepted a proposition to join a private party who were to make their way by land to Corpus Christi on the Gulf. A gentleman, his wife and child, and sister-in-law, were to start on Tuesday afternoon, stopping over-night at Welder's Rancho, eighteen miles away, and on Wednesday to make the remaining fifty miles to the sea.

Two maxims of conduct have been to me matters of experience and surprise in Texas. The first is, 'never do to-day what you can possibly put off till to-morrow:' the second, 'do the least possible work in the greatest possible time.' These maxims were to receive a new exemplification. The king-bolt of our covered ambulance needed repairing. Early in the morning the blacksmith undertook the job, promising to have it ready for three o'clock in the afternoon. He was repeatedly urged to hurry up the work, and so he had finished by seven o'clock in the evening, too late for us to start. Early in the morning ensuing, we set out, and three miles from the mission, that king-bolt broke as we were crossing a gully in the road. The ambulance was sent back, and by nine o'clock we saw the driver returning with a rough country wagon without cover. Finally, it was agreed to accept this conveyance as far as the rancho, intending to borrow there another covered ambulance, not knowing that a traveller had already borrowed it. By one o'clock we

arrived. In this distance, eighteen miles, we had traversed two ranchos, and entered a third. No one was at home but a colored cook, who was a philosopher in conversation, and a do-nothing in the kitchen. Nothing was to be had but bacon, green corn and some biscuits and coffee. No eggs, no chickens, no vegetables, and only a quart of milk which was confiscated for the baby — and yet there were 18,000 head of cattle on the range, but we were in Texas. Whilst wearily waiting for our lazy cook to prepare something to eat —he had to catch and saddle a horse to go and fetch some green corn—the ladies being forbidden by him to put foot in his sovereign domain, I strolled out to get a shot at some ducks in a pond near by. I got the ducks, and alas, something more. I had to crawl up to them through bushes which were wreathed by my friend the poison-vine. That night—I spent it on a blanket stretched upon the verandah— I got to sleep after scratching my ankles raw on account of the small red ant of the locality, and after having been driven furious by the bite of a scorpion; but finally I was lulled to rest by the song of the mocking-bird, wildest of singers, the plaintive notes of the scissor-tail and the distant howl of the coyotes. I woke up about ten or eleven o'clock with both eyes entirely closed by a swelling consequent upon the fresh poisoning. My salve was in a valise in the room occupied by the women, and so I had to pass the night in dipping my face every half hour in water, and discoursing meanwhile with the sable philosopher of the kitchen, who was busy in preparing breakfast and lunch for the morrow. Morning at last came, as it generally does if you wait long enough, though I had to hold my eye open to see it. All that long day we rode in our uncovered wagon beneath a fierce, vertical sun, and from time to time I had to contrive to shoot some partridges for our dinner, for the lunch proved on inspection to be a counterfeit sponge cake, and nothing more, if you except two or three water melons, made insipid by the heat. But the scenery along the road was noble, consisting until we neared the coast, of broad, slightly undulating prairies, covered with rich grasses, bedecked by

flowers of every hue, and diversified by large clumps (*mottes* we call them here) of majestic live-oaks, gracefully draped with waving garlands of Spanish moss. No landscape gardener could have equalled what nature's own hand had here set out in long miles of continuous beauty and magnificence. At noon we rested on the farther bank of the Nueces, and I flung myself out of the wagon, and snatched an hour's sleep under the shade of a live-oak, regardless or reckless of possible bites from ants, scorpions, spiders and *id genus omne*. I awoke only too late to save the partridges, they were burned to a cinder; a half a melon was my only resource until evening brought food and rest at the hospitable mansion of Bishop Manucy of Corpus Christi. The good prelate exclaimed on seeing me that mine was the most severe case of poisoning he had ever witnessed. The next day at Galveston, whither I proceeded by steamer, the physician treated me for erysipelas.

On my return to Seguin our own physician, Dr. Preston, once a student at Georgetown College, procured me some alleviation, but a few hours in the sun have been ever since enough to bring back irritation and pain, until the winter brought surcease of evil.

The country missionary in Texas must be content with few results bought with much toil and privation. But then does not the Lord always give consolation, and is not the conversion of one soul compensation more than sufficient for any amount of labor and suffering! And when I think that I came to Texas a semi-paralytic, unfit for active and continued labor, am I not justified in loving a country and climate, where I can work, and do, and try to do something for God's greater glory? Only they who have been condemned as useless for work can fully understand the blessing of being permitted to toil in the vineyard. F. P. G.

# BRAZIL.

*Letter of Father R. M. Galanti.*

S. Luis College, Itu, March 4, 1882.

Reverend and Dear Father,

P. C.

After a long interruption, which circumstances beyond my control necessitated, I am going to continue the history of the College of Itu, and I hope I shall be able to carry it on down to the present day. By way of preamble, let me give due credit to the labors of Fr. Onorati, to whom this college owes so much; his exertions prepared the way for the foundation of this institution and subsequently as its first Rector he planted the seeds of its future prosperity. At the conclusion of his rectorship here, good Fr. Onorati went to Sta. Catharina, and afterwards to Pernambuco, where he labored very hard upon the mission. He had much to suffer at the time of the assault made upon the College, although he was not then present in the city. When our Fathers were expelled from Pernambuco, he happened to be far away in the interior, where he was trying to found a College. Having heard the evil tidings from Pernambuco, he used every effort to avoid falling into the hands of the enemies of Jesus Christ, and succeeded in reaching Bahia by a long and circuitous route, from which city he went by steamer in disguise to Pernambuco, and afterwards departed for Rome.

Meanwhile the sectarians were busily searching for him throughout the empire. From Rome he passed to Portugal, where he was occupied in preparing for publication a large work on the great Father Vieira, father of the Portuguese language, when he was called by our Lord to receive the reward of his labors. He was a professed Father, very learned, and competent to fill any position: and better still, he was virtuous, zealous, humble, obedient — in one word, he was a perfect Jesuit.

Having paid this little tribute of gratitude to the founder

of the College, I shall proceed to relate some facts which, though unimportant in themselves, go to show that the college is the instrument of Divine Providence to help in the regeneration of Brazil.

As our Rev. Father General thought it impossible to open the college, on account of the opposition of the government, he sent an order to Fr. Onorati to retire at once from Itu; this order arrived just after the permission of the government had been obtained, and therefore, Fr. Onorati waited until an answer favorable to his plans had been received from Superiors. The College was opened in an old Franciscan monastery, abounding in deficiency of accommodations, but withal good enough to make a beginning. In the first year there were sixty boys, and this number was increased to ninety-three before the end of the second year. Everything was going on well—but difficulties were not wanting. First of all, a Father was obliged to retire on account of sickness, and Fr. Onorati remained alone with one lay brother to take charge of so many boys, and to attend to a multitude of affairs; besides this, some people who had been at first friendly to us, and should have always remained so, turned against us, and the sectarian newspapers were constantly declaiming against the college in the strongest terms.

But Divine Providence had a guardian care over its own work. It was during this most critical state of affairs that Rev. Fr. Ponza was sent to this mission as Visitor. He supplied the College of Itu with a sufficient number of good subjects, wrote its regulations, and after many deliberations settled upon the time and place for erecting a new house: he also drew up the plan of a magnificent building, but the expense of such a grand structure deterred him, and the plan finally adopted was more modest in its proportions. We had no funds here, nor could our poor province come to our aid; but a good priest volunteered to collect a large amount for us, and some gentlemen of the town promised to make liberal donations. The priest raised with difficulty some fifteen hundred dollars, and the local contributions did not amount to anything. Discouragement was the natural

consequence, and some of the Fathers proposed to stop building; nevertheless, the work went steadily forward, although debts were contracted and many sacrifices had to be made.

One of Ours at this period tried to raise funds in Europe for the College, but his efforts were fruitless: he obtained, however, fifteen hundred francs from his Holiness, Pius IX.

Whilst the *Religious Question* was under discussion, the college was exposed to all the fury of the storm. It is said, that the decree for our expulsion had been already signed, but that its publication was arrested at the intercession of some friends of the Society. My opinion is that the preservation of the college was due to the protection of some heavenly intercessor — our Lady of Good Counsel, or St. Aloysius. For a fortnight we were busy packing up, and preparing to depart at short notice. But the danger passed away, and as the reputation of the College rose, the number of students gradually increased from fifty-five to sixty-five, eighty, one hundred and six. In 1877, owing to various causes, the number decreased to ninety. At the beginning of 1879, we were full of apprehension, because the newspapers were outspoken in their attacks, very few new applications were received, and many of the old scholars did not return after the vacations. In addition to this some of the boys behaved so badly, shortly after classes were resumed, that we were obliged after a fortnight to expel four of them together. It was a necessary measure of severity, unwillingly resorted to, both on account of the loss, and because we were apprehensive of the consequences if their families should resolve to give trouble. No harm came from this measure; on the contrary, from that moment the College received more vigorous life. The number of boys soon rose to one hundred and sixteen, and shortly afterwards some of the best senatorial families of Rio Janeiro entrusted their children to our care. Futhermore, several gentlemen of high position came to spend some days at the college in a friendly way, and after close observation of its workings, they bestowed unqualified praise upon it, and sent their sons

to be educated. This was done by the president of the senate, by the governor of the province, and by several senators and general deputies. A great sensation was excited throughout the whole empire, and scholars were attracted from far and near, so that we have now students from almost every province, even from far distant Ceará, Maranhao and Pará. Such rapid progress was made that in 1879, we had 180 boys; the next year, 230; last year, they numbered more than 300; and, if we only had had the accommodations, we could have received this year over 500 students; as we have barely room for 400, we have been obliged to refuse a great many applicants.

To appreciate adequately such success as this, you must bear in mind what I remarked in a former letter, that in Brazil since the suppression of the Society, the name of Jesuit has been synonymous with all that is corrupt and wicked: you must also know that in Rio there are many colleges, and one belonging to the Emperor himself, which, however, has been almost deserted ever since we began to receive boys from the Capital. It must also be taken into account that some ten years ago two colleges were opened in a neighboring town in opposition to ours, one of them directed by Protestants, and the other under control of the Masonic sectaries. They had some success at the beginning, and did us some damage, but Divine Providence here also protected its own work, and these two colleges are now dwindling down, one of them having only fifty-five boys, and the other scarcely ten.

I should now speak of the buildings, and of the results obtained in regard to religion and studies; but this, I hope, will form the subject of another letter. Meantime, I remain yours etc.

Raphael Maria Galanti, S. J.

# OBITUARY.

## Father Augustine Bally.

Father Augustine Bally, whose death occured on the 30th of January, 1882, was a man of remarkable merit in many ways. The generation to which he belonged is fast passing away, and we may well regret its disappearance, for the stout and manly virtue which disappears with it. Father Bally was a great man, though he knew it not, and few that knew him ever adverted to the fact. He was so simple in his greatness, so unpretending, so unselfish, so modest, that his merit, though felt and recognized, was hardly adverted to and seldom mentioned. His learning was neither deep nor varied, for he was educated in the "heroic age," when every man was called upon to labor, and when the only time for study were the few moments that could be spared from the duties of teaching or acting as prefect in yard, study-room, dormitory, etc. To such men it has often been noticed that the Spirit of Wisdom supplies in a wonderful way whatever they need in the discharge of their duty. *Dominus dabit verbum evangelizantibus virtute multa.*

Fr. Bally was a man of 'much virtue,' therefore his word was powerful, tho' simple, and it came not back empty. For nearly fifty years he was Pastor of the same congregation, speaking to the same people in private and in public, always under their eyes and under the close scrutiny of men of all creeds, dispositions, passions and prejudices, and yet during all that time Father Bally was esteemed and loved by all that knew him, whether they were members of his congregation or not—during all that time his life stood the test, his virtues underwent the scrutiny, and during all that time esteem and love of Father Bally grew, until his name was in every mouth, and his influence was felt far and near.—None but a great man could have gone through this ordeal

as Fr. Bally did. He was the father and friend, the counsellor and guide of all. If he had any predilection, it was for the children of his parish and for his sodality, which he recruited from his schools — and in this he imitated his Divine Model, who loved children, who blessed them and would not let them be driven away from him. Fr. Bally was proud of his schools, and justly so. The staunch faith and simple piety of his people are the fruit which resulted from his care of the early training of his flock. He labored patiently and perseveringly, and when his labor was done, and his rich harvest all gathered and secured in heaven, he lay down to his rest calmly, with the smile of peace on his saintly face and the consciousness of a well-earned reward in his heart.

We are indebted for this tribute to Fr. Bally's worth to one who knew him well; we add to the words of praise uttered of him by a brother in religion, some extracts from a local secular paper which show how he was esteemed near the scene of his lifelong labors. The *Reading Eagle* of February 4th, speaking of his death, says :—

This morning (Jan. 30) at one o'clock the Rev. Augustine Bally, S. J., pastor of the Catholic Church at Churchville for 44 years, died after a lingering illness of many months, at the pastoral residence here. He was born March 8, 1806, at Merxplas, Province of Antwerp, Belgium. He entered the Society of Jesus, Dec. 2, 1830, made his classical studies at Turnhout, in the Province of Antwerp, for four years, and finished his philosophical and theological studies at Georgetown College, D. C. He was ordained priest in 1837, after making his novitiate with the lamented Fr. Barbelin, late of St. Joseph's church, Philadelphia, and others at White Marsh, Prince George's county, Maryland, of whom only two are surviving, viz: Father Ward, of New York, and Father Emig, of Hanover, York county, Pa. He officiated at this church for the first time on All Saint's day, 1837, and ended it on the same day in 1881.

Father Theodore Schneider, commenced this mission in 1741, which extended at that time from this side of the Schuylkill river to New York and Philadelphia. Father Schneider died here in 1764, and Father De Ritter took charge of the parish after being associated with Fr. Schnei-

der from 1751, and died 1787. One of the children whom he baptized, John Schell, is yet alive, and over 99 years old. Father Kohlmann, was assistant to Father De Ritter, became his successor and died at Georgetown College. Fr. Boniface Corvin officiated for fifteen years after and died in 1837. Father Corvin built the new church, and had it under roof, leaving the completion to our lamented Father Bally, who put it in the condition it now is. He also built the pastoral residence and the school-house attached to the church, besides other buildings.

Since his first year's pastorate in this mission, Fr. Bally took an indefatigable interest in bettering the intellectual condition of his flock, as well as their moral condition. He established the first English school, and in every possible way promoted the spread of the English language. He introduced English into the church services, and as long as he was able to preach, he delivered his sermon first in English, then in German. The result of his labor in this direction is seen to-day in the familiarity of the people in that section with the English language, and their general intelligence.

Father Bally also organized a sodality many years ago, which now has a membership of more than two hundred persons. It was at first composed entirely of young people. These have all married, and have many of them grown old and gray; and with their sons and daughters, many of them also married, still attend the meetings of the society, and take an active part in church work. There were also beneficial societies organized by the men, under his direction, which are in an excellent condition to-day.

Deceased frequently visited Reading and officiated in the services in St. Peter's church, which was then the only one in Reading. He frequently preached to the young people, who were his special care. He had an overwhelming fondness for children, who were his daily visitors. Though his death was expected, it is after all a shock to those who knew him.

In stature Father Bally was below medium height, and the form that in youth was supple and erect, was in his later years, bent over with disease and study. He had a striking face, with very light blue eyes, which retained their clearness to the last, though the sight had grown very dim. His complexion was fair, and since his last severe illness, almost childishly so; and the fringe of snow-white hair which Fa-

ther Time had left on his head, gave him a venerable, and to those who knew and loved him, a saint-like appearance.

* * * * * * * *

The funeral services will be most impressive, though devoid of any unusual display. It was the wish of Father Bally that when he died every detail of his burial should be plain and simple. No handsome or costly casket, he used to say, should his mortal remains repose in; better a joyous entrance into heaven than the most gorgeous funeral pageant. Yet the love that his congregation bear him, will be shown in every possible way, consistent with the circumstances.

The mission of which the little colony at Churchville was the nucleus, was one of the earliest in the history of Pennsylvania, and the Jesuit Fathers who were its founders are still remembered in the local traditions of lower Berks. Many a story is told by the old grandfathers of that section of the labors and adventures of these pious men, as related to them in their childhood by their sires or grandsires.

The mission which extended over almost the entire part of Eastern Pennsylvania, on the other side of the Schuylkill was a vast wilderness, with few roads but the narrow tracks used by the Indians, who were usually very friendly, and were converted to the faith in large numbers by these zealous priests. The little chapel which was erected at Churchville shortly after Father Schneider's arrival among the settlers in 1741, is still standing, and presents a most ancient appearance. The walls and floor are of stone, and the little altar within the edifice has since been dedicated to the Mother of God. Underneath the stone floor of the chapel lie the remains of most of the Jesuit priests who had charge of the mission, and who sleep so quietly near the scene of their labors. Above the grave of each are quaint slabs of marble, with the name of him who lies beneath carved upon it, together with the date of his birth and death and the years of his labor in the Society of Jesus. There is something so touching about it all. Here, underneath the chapel which their hands helped to rear, they lie in their last sleep. A stone's throw from them outside in the old graveyard, lie their flock, the settlers who with them had braved so many hardships, the children who had grown to youth, to manhood, to old age, and been consigned to the grave under their pastoral care. Now the little children of the present generation come in two by two before school in the morning, and kneel in the plain, old-fashioned pews,

over the graves of the dead priests; and their childish voices recite the prayers which were taught them by good Father Bally, and which were so often repeated in the same spot by the children of the settlers and the dusky faced Indian boys and girls who knelt beside them, long, long years ago.

Father Bally, the successor of these untiring and faithful priests, was in every way most worthy of his mission. He came to Churchville—then it was called Goschenhoppen—a young man, fresh from study, in the prime of life and full of energy. He soon adapted himself and his instructions to the wants of his people. Not to those alone who lived in the near neighborhood of the church was he a faithful pastor, but to those who lived in extreme parts of his mission. His favorite mode of travel was on horseback, and he rode many miles early in the morning, without having broken his fast, to celebrate the sacrifice of the mass in some distant corner of the parish, where a number of the faithful had gathered together to hear the words of comfort and advice that came from his lips.

Some fourteen or fifteen years ago, Father Bally used to celebrate mass once a month at what is now known as Kern's station, some distance from Alburtis. Here a number of Catholic men, some of them with families, were engaged in working on the railroad; and Father Bally was never tired of administering to their spiritual comfort. About this time, too, he was a frequent visitor to Reading. Father O'Connor, who was then pastor of St. Peter's church, and who died two years ago at Manayunk, was an especially warm friend of his; and almost every year when the Devotion of the Forty Hours came around, Father Bally was present to assist in the services. . . . . .

The funeral this morning was one of the largest ever known in this section of the country. From Philadelphia, Reading, Pottstown, Allentown, Kutztown and every part of Berks and adjoining counties, were gathered people who had known him as a pastor and friend. . . . . .

During his pastorate Father Bally baptized 2,375 children and grown persons: buried 850 persons, and married 455 couples. During the last 10 years he only baptized about one-half of the children. The other half were baptized by his assistants and other clergymen.

## Father Charles P. Bahan.

*There was a man in the land of Hus whose name was Job, and that man was simple and upright and fearing God and avoiding evil.*—Job, I, 1.

The character of one of God's most faithful servants is set forth in these simple words, and with but a change of name and place of birth they would serve also as a concise history of Father Charles Philip Bahan. From the moment when first his childish soul became capable of discerning good from evil and awakened to the truth that he was created to love and serve God, he seemed to say in the words of the Canticle of Canticles: "Till the day break and the shadows retire, I will go to the mountain of myrrh and to the hill of frankincense." For from those boyish days up to the moment when he passed to his Lord his whole being was plunged in abnegation and a childlike, beautiful reverence for God's great majesty. A true soldier of the cross, he warred unweariedly against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and held this triple foe to sanctity of life ever at his sword's point, like a dexterous fencer. In the words of Holy Writ, the law of grace was the apple of his eye; it was bound upon his fingers, and written deeply in his pure, warm heart. It is a noble sentiment in human nature which leads one to speak naught but what is kindly of those whose deeds of might or of weakness have been laid bare in God's searching judgment: but sweet indeed is the conviction that the life of him whose form is stiff in death was pure gold and silver in its warp and woof; that there are no ugly stains there for charity's generous mantle to screen; that he who has passed into the great Silence held ever to the really True and Beautiful and Good. Father Bahan's saintly life shows how well he "fought the good fight," and how dear he was to his Lord. "I love them that love me, and they that in the morning early watch for me shall find me." This holy priest 'watched early' for his Master, and with his lamp of life full, well-trimmed, and shedding abroad its soft

bright light, went joyously forth to 'find Him whom his soul loved.'—Considered as a mere succession of events, his life was of the most commonplace; looked at in the revealing light of faith, it is refulgent with a sacred glory and is seen to be full and momentous.

Charles Philip Bahan was born in Pensacola, Fla., in the year 1834, on the 9th of July. He received the rudiments of his education at Madison, La., near Lake Pontchartrain. His boyish years were passed on Barataria Bay, a haunt of Lafitte and the Gulf pirates. The child is father to the man, and all through his noble life Fr. Bahan was characterized by the most sturdy, manly form of feeling exhibited in a manner the most delicate and spiritual: in a word,

> "Subdued . . . . . unto that gentleness
> Which when it weds with manhood makes the man."

He went to Georgetown College for his higher studies. While there he was a boy whom Thackeray would have liked to "tip" — robust, healthy, a vigorous participant in all games and athletic sports, and under all this rich exuberance of physical life, bearing a soul without guile.

One of his old school-friends has in a few strong lines drawn Charles Bahan both as boy and man so feelingly that to quote the entire passage will not seem too much to those who read it. It is James R. Randall, the author of "Maryland, My Maryland," who writes from Washington thus:

"While sitting at breakfast, the other day in one of the numerous restaurants here, my eye fell upon a brief paragraph in the paper that almost made the meal a mockery. It was the announcement of the death of an old college friend, Rev. Charles P. Bahan. He had been found dead in his room—a victim to apoplexy. Though summoned suddenly, all was well with him. I never knew the time that his steadfast soul was not prepared to leave this world for a better one. As a boy, he excelled in all athletic sports, but his piety was ever robust and unwavering. Though born in Florida and long a resident of New Orleans, he was our best skater; and when we stormed snow forts, amid a hurricane of missiles, "Old Crab," as we called him, never failed to lead the victorious assault. In defending

the fort he kept it. That was his character in all things. It was so in his studies, for he invariably gained first prizes. It was so when he became religious. He would have been sure of success in the world, but loved it not. Fired by the example of Ignatius of Loyola, he joined the Jesuit Order when quite a youth, and had been a model priest for fourteen years when he went to Heaven. He cared for nothing so much as the good of others and the salvation of his soul. *That* he gained; and I do not weep for a saint in glory. Here, in this hurly-burly, how many of us are pushing and scheming and sinning to gain a miserable share of material profit, in the line of worldly ambition, which, according even to a successful statesman, is nothing but vanity and vexation. Most of us will reap nothing but disappointment and knawing of the heart. When the struggle is over, and our lives are as tales that are told, it will be found that he who sleeps this night with the cross on his cold breast, upon the hill side at Woodstock, adopted the wiser course in offering his whole being to the greater glory of God, and that he has "chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away."

One of the Fathers once found him in the college chapel with a distressed air. "What is the matter?" was his natural query. "I want to go to confession and I don't know what to tell" was the naïve reply. He carried off the honors of his class, and in 1854 went to the Novitiate in Frederick. What he was as a novice scarce need be told. After his vows he was called to Georgetown, and then—*prefecting*. To Jesuit ears the word has not a soothing sound. Love of God and a pure intention may undoubtedly make this line of work prolific in merit, but the natural man cannot but be deeply worn by its hard, monotonous, prosaic routine. Father Bahan gave about twenty years of his manhood's strength to this irksome task. In a letter written to a brother religious two years before his death he says: "As the years wear on, the office of prefect becomes less objectionable to me. I believe I prefer it to most other occupations. I would prefer teaching some low class, all day, such as Rudiments, without prefecting, to the simple office of prefect. People think that I am rather odd in my preferences." Father Bahan was a lithe spare man, and

his thoughtful, intensely virile nature gave to his face when in repose a slightly severe expression till the sunny smile which it was so easy to call to his lips showed one how light-hearted a soul he was. Apropos of this, he wrote once: "Fr.——— is often at me on account of my sour looks. I find it hard to wear a smile on a face that was never shaped for it. I have not had offices in the Society that foster smiling." It was while acquitting himself of the galling duties of the prefectship that he made his course of Theology. Again to Jesuits there is no need to emphasize what this implies. The teasing care of refractory boys is not the best mental preparation for the terse style and subtle profundity of the Angel of the Schools. In 1868, he was ordained priest by Bp. Gibbons, the present Archbishop of Baltimore. Then, back to the old post at Georgetown, from which place he was called in 1872 to the Vice-presidency of the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass. He remained there for seven years. This college may be a very Thebaid for him who will so have it. A Thebaid it was for Fr. Bahan. Fr. O'Hagan, the then President of that institution, once said of Fr. Bahan: "That man's personal sanctity is bringing down blessings on this place." When Fr. O'Hagan left for the Pacific Slope in quest of health only to have life's feeble flame extinguished by a weakening passage of the Isthmus and to sink in death at Acapulco in Mexico, Fr. Bahan acted as President, and was spoken of as the possible successor to the office. Father Edward Boone was elected to it, and Fr. Bahan recalled to Georgetown, back to the old time grind of the prefectship. He obeyed this order, which consigned him once more to well-known drudgery with the most cheerful alacrity, indicative of that noble indifference to everything but God's glory which our holy father so earnestly looked for in his sons. Two years more in this place, and then he was called to Woodstock, Maryland, to be Minister in the scholasticate. It was from this quiet hill-top that the Master called him to his reward, exceeding great. Such was his life's tranquil current, its tenor one of quiet toil, devoid of all the brillian-

cy which sometimes radiates even from functions of the religious life. The manner of his taking off was, however, startling, and not without a certain tragic coloring. God in calling him seemed like a mother, who sees her little one performing, in sweet docility, some penance for a trifling fault, and carried away by its touching repentance, snatches it to her bosom ere the task is done. Fr. Bahan was taken in the twinkling of an eye from the very midst of those simple duties which his sanctity ennobled, taken without warning when all the conditions of his physical being argued two or three score more of laborious years in the vineyard. Tuesday, March 21st, he intended to go to Baltimore on matters of business. Not wishing to make his meditation to the jarring accompaniment of rail-road distractions, he rose at an early hour so as to fully accomplish the morning spiritual duties before leaving the house. At the hour appointed for his mass he did not appear, and as the brother, who was wont to obtain the keys from him in the morning, had found his door locked, and received no answer to his knock, some alarm was naturally awakened. Rev. Fr. Rector and a young scholastic Father repaired to his room, and receiving no reply to their calls, the latter effected an entrance by bursting in the transom and climbing through. Fr. Bahan lay stretched in a cramped position upon the floor near his wash-stand—*dead.* Every restorative was applied with no beneficial result. His face was fully prepared for the razor, and his shaving brush had been placed standing on the wash-stand, but the razor case on the bureau hard by was *unopened.* This disposition of his toilet articles told how swiftly the bolt of death had sped to its mark. The doctor says it was paralysis of the heart and that death was instantaneous. The gloom cast over the community may be imagined. All had but one common feeling in regard to Fr. Bahan, that he was a man of great sanctity. And we of the household with the bright example of his holy life so present to us, we who knew how utterly unconscious he was of his own exceeding worth, felt that in truth our loss was great. Sudden death is usually regarded as a proof of

God's anger, and it is rare enough in the economy of providence to mark the subject of it as worthy of much love or much hate. To doubt that it was aught but the tenderest of graces in Fr. Bahan's case would be to outrage every conviction of our heart and mind. No! 'the day has broken: the shadows have retired,' after he had climbed for a Lent of years the mountain of myrrh, for he was but forty-seven when he died. Every action of those years had been purified in the alembic of interior abnegation and an ardent love of God, child-like in its simplicity. Did space allow, it would be a pleasing joy to recall the varied beauties of this sanctified life, to draw on the little novice-like book in which the resolutions of every year's retreat were carefully drawn out. The natural man in him was fervid with the warm impetuosity of the South, and occasionally some little motion of the old Adam told of the Titan gripe which choked its utterance as a rule. Although in the most perfect condition at his death after an enjoyment of particularly good health through life, Fr. Bahan had his share of those sufferings of the body which pain without enfeebling, but they never cast a cloud over his sweet and amiable cheerfulness. He permitted himself no indulgences; to others he was most considerate. His diet was regulated strictly according to St. Ignatius' rules of temperance. Never did a stimulant moisten his lips. One of the most charming traits in his attractive character was his abhorrence of any touch of slander or detraction, and he resolutely resisted the malign influence of evil reports. No one ever heard him breathe an unkind word of his fellow-man. O the exquisite beauty of his holy life! O the treasures such a life amasses in that heaven towards which it ever tends! May our end be like to his. Father, brother, friend, pray for us to God, and peace to thy soul.—J. J. A. B.

## Father John Blettner.

Fr. Blettner was born on the 3rd of April, 1806, at Neunkirchen (Moselle), in the diocese of Metz, now belonging to the German Province of Alsace-Lorraine, but then a part of the French Empire. After six years of classical studies, and as many more devoted to philosophy and theology, he was ordained priest at Metz, Sept. 24th, 1831. Having spent a short time as curate in his native place, he was sent to St. Sulpice in Paris, where he remained a year preparing himself for the chair of theology which he filled during thirteen years in the Seminary of Metz. It was here that he conceived the desire of devoting himself to the Indian Missions, which finally led him to enter the Society, on Sept. 13th, 1846. He made his novitiate at Issenheim, and in 1849 was sent to the United States. Shortly after arriving here, Archbishop Hughes sought and obtained him as Superior of his Diocesan Seminary, then at Fordham, N. Y. During eight years Fr. Blettner trained in the sacred sciences and in piety the young students committed to his charge, fully realizing the expectations which the Archbishop had entertained of him. Guelph, Ont., Buffalo, N. Y. and Wikwemikong, Manitoulin Island, were successively the field of his missionary labors from 1857 to 1865. The following two years he was at Fordham as professor of Ours in Theology and Hebrew.—He again returned to Buffalo, on the breaking up of the Scholasticate in Fordham, whence after four years he was removed to Sault Sainte Marie, Mich., and remained there one year. After three more years spent at Wikwemikong, he was finally stationed at Fort William Mission, where he terminated a long and useful career, dying peacefully in the midst of his brethren on the 30th of Jan., 1882, loved and regretted by all.

Fr. Blettner was a man of great talent and learning. Besides speaking French, English and German, he understood several Indian languages. Latin and Greek he knew well, but for Hebrew and Sanscrit he had a remarkable and peculiar taste and had made them his special study.

As Superior, though a strict and regular disciplinarian, he was held in the highest esteem by all who lived under him; so gentle and kind was his character that he was called by the Indians "The Pacific." The last days of his life, ever uniform and quiet, are thus described by the Superior of the Residence who attended him in his last moments and comforted him with the rites of the Church:—

"Towards the middle of November, he ceased to go to the refectory for dinner and supper. He never went out of his room unless to say Mass. He was generally lying on his bed, but occasionally sat up to read the Catholic Review or Le Messager du Sacré Cœur. His delight was in reading the History of the Church by Rohrbacher. I visited him only every now and then, for he generally preferred to be alone. He continued to say Mass in the parlor until the 22nd of Jan. The Mass he said that Sunday was the last. On the 25th, Father B.—— came to the mission and went to confession to him. He found him very weak. From that time he could scarcely take any solid food but continued to take coffee, for which he asked two or three times a day, and Port wine. Saturday and Sunday morning at 5 o'clock, I brought him Holy Communion, in his room. On the latter day, at High Mass I recommended him to the prayers of the congregation . . . . . In the afternoon I went to him and spoke to him about receiving the Last Sacraments. He said: 'Not yet;' and mentioned the feast of the Purification. 'It is better in this matter to be a little too soon than too late,' said I to him. As he did not give me any positive answer, and I perceived no immediate danger, I determined to wait till next morning, telling Br. Stakum to watch him during the night. I had that same afternoon a great many Indians come to bid him adieu and receive his blessing. He recognized them well, looked at them and blessed them. This scene was very touching. Monday morning, I went to hear his confession, which he made well, though he could not pronounce his words distinctly. Then the bell called all of Ours who were here, to his room, as the Last Sacraments were administered. As

he could then scarcely speak, I helped him to say what he wanted to say to the community, and then addressed him some encouraging words. After that Br. Stakum remained constantly with the good Father and was witness of his tender piety. He saw him kissing his crucifix a great many times and blessing himself also. Sometimes he seemed to recover somewhat the use of his senses, and we then could see his lips moving as those of one who prays. Perceiving that his breathing became more difficult, we began to say the prayers for the agonizing, kneeling around his bed, and as I finished the prayers he yielded his soul into the hands of his Creator . . . . . Since he expired, the body has been exposed in the parlor in sacerdotal dress. During the whole day the room is filled with people from the villages and the Town plot. They sing appropriate hymns and say the beads. The grave is dug near the 'Mission Cross' as we call it, in the grave-yard. The funeral service will take place on Feb. 1st, at 10 A.M. Fr. B.—— will deliver the funeral oration in English : I will officiate, and speak in Indian the praises of the dear dead. We expect many people from the landing and from the Plot."

The same Father writes under date of Feb. 11 : "Our Indians edify us very much, as we watch them approach the grave of Fr. Blettner, brush away the snow that covers it, and there kneel to pray . . . . . Let us thank God for His graces towards us ; for we have far fewer disorders to deplore among them than in the past."

Fr. Blettner was nearly seventy-six years of age, thirty-six of which he had spent in the Society.

## Brother Joseph Tschenhens.

Brother Joseph Tschenhens died at the St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri, on February the 25th, 1882, aged 82 years. It is not exaggerated language to say that Brother Joseph was an extraordinary man, especially for the high

degree of perfection which he reached in those virtues that make the model lay-brother.

Brother Joseph was born in Wurtemberg, on February 13th, 1800, and he joined the Society of Jesus, January 6th, 1824, at the College of Freiburg, Switzerland. He was subsequently employed as baker at Brigg, in the canton of Vallis, but he was transferred to the College of Freiburg, and he was there when the revolutionary disturbances among the Swiss began in the autumn of 1847. Early in 1848 the college was seized upon by the populace, and its persecuted inmates were compelled to seek shelter in foreign lands. Brother Joseph, and Caspar Wohleb, also a lay-brother, made their way into France, and thence came to the United States, reaching St. Louis about the beginning of June, 1848.

In the following month they were sent to St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, Ky., just then made over to our Society by the venerable Bishop Flaget. Brother Tschenhens remained at St. Joseph's College till the summer of 1855, when he returned to St. Louis; and there he stayed all the succeeding years of his life. He was employed at his trade, of pastry cook and baker, till far down the decline of life, past three score and ten years; nor did he, even at the last, ever "eat idle bread." A complication of ailments, peculiar to persons of advanced age, carried him off, not unexpectedly, but well prepared for the solemn event, on February 2nd, 1882.

Brother Joseph was a model lay-brother, and, indeed, he might be regarded as an exemplar of genuine religious perfection, relatively to its more comprehensive ideal. He possessed, and always exercised, that complete control over his own feelings, inclinations, and entire conduct, which is the certain test of real sanctity, or of true perfection in high christian virtue. He was not eccentric, had no peculiar weaknesses, no likes nor dislikes, which could not be opposed, or which had to be humored by others. He seemed to be completely master of himself, and to have virtues that were equal to every occasion. In his manners, and in his devotional practices, he was very simple; he was free from

any exaggerated expression of pious sentiment, was never ostentatious, and he neither overdid good works, nor fell below the medium. He could endure contradiction with mildness; he could be interrupted suddenly by the Superior in one employment, and have another one assigned to him, without manifesting the least discomposure; and it even appeared that the unforeseen duty to which he was called away, always happened to be just that thing which he himself preferred at that time to do. Brother Joseph was truly meek and humble of heart; he was gentle and amiable, at all times; his voice, countenance, and entire demeanor, expressing perfect equanimity which not even the advent of painful occurrences ever ruffled. There was an attraction in him for simple people and children, and the students in the college always formed a high notion of his holiness, and deported themselves, when in his presence, with unwonted gravity. He drew the attention of discerning souls among the laity, who, with the instincts of piety, singled him out from among those who, on Sundays, received Holy Communion in the sanctuary of the collegiate Church. He had in a high degree of perfection, the distinctive virtues of the good lay-brother: he was humble, prompt, and cheerful in his obedience to Superiors; he had unfailing industry, shunned idleness and self-ease, and never allowed private devotions, or special preferences, to interfere with any duty whether of prayer or labor.

It does not appear, on inquiry, that any one during the thirty-four years of Brother Joseph's life in the province of Missouri, ever knew or heard of his using an unkind or impatient word; nor that any one ever knew or heard of his failing in any point of charity towards other persons. He was uniformly cheerful and good humored, seeming never to experience sadness or uneasiness of temper. Whether things came to him opportunely or inopportunely, Brother Joseph was always happy, and always had a pleasant and edifying word for any one that spoke to him; and he showed increase of joy most, then when he discovered in what he could serve others, or do an acceptable benefit to

one of his brethren. He had great reverence for the priestly character, and this was manifested with marked and unfeigned sincerity, but unobtrusively, on all proper occasions.

It may be said, then, that Brother Joseph Tschenhens realised, in his religious life, the ideal of a holy man, whose sanctity was not of a type which unfitted him for community life, or which caused him to be admired, but feared by his brethren; for, all loved to be with him, and to converse with him. The praise herein bestowed on the virtues of this venerable and saintly lay-brother, as, doubtless, all who long knew him could bear testimony, is not made to exceed truth and merit, by licence of obituary panegyric; his virtues were in fact all they are described to be, and more besides. At least such Brother Joseph and his life always seemed to the writer of this notice, who knew him for nearly thirty-four years, and lived in the same house with him for more than twenty-six years.

WALTER H. HILL, S. J.

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## MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS,

### FROM JANUARY 15TH TO APRIL 4TH, 1882.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART, NEW HAVEN, CONN. — New Haven has seven Catholic churches for its twenty thousand Catholics. By this showing, one third of the population is Catholic. The Protestants have some fine churches, but nearly all of them are built in the old meeting-house style, a hybrid architecture, that the Congregationalists invented, the barn style with a steeple attached. New Haven itself is a pretty city and has been spoken of in these LETTERS. It is a centre of higher education, and, as a consequence, is quite celebrated. The wealth of the city is due to its various industries. In the colonial times and even in our own day, it was one of the capitals of the state.

Near the old state-house one of the judges who condemned Charles I. is buried. After a life of outlawry, hunted from colony to colony, he found rest here. A modest tombstone marks his grave.

The church of the Sacred Heart was bought from the Congregationalists about six years ago. The leading member of the church and the principal owner of it, when the Protestants possessed it, was a warm Southern sympathizer. At the end of the war, he refused to allow any demonstration to be made in favor of the victory. This manner of acting caused a secession of the entire congregation. The deacon was left alone with his church; his occupation was gone. His heirs, after his death, were glad to get rid of the burden on their hands. The Catholics were always of the belief that the church would one day be theirs, and whilst it was being built, a mason made a cross upon one of the stones, as a sign of what was to be.

The weather during the mission was intensely cold. The thermometer for ten days was below zero, and for the part of a morning sank as low as — 15°. The boys of the sanctuary, whilst waiting for the Masses, adjourned to the yard and with their surplices on, kept themselves warm by snowballing each other. On another occasion, the holy water was frozen solid, and had to be taken to a neighboring house to be thawed out for use. Still the attendance at the services was very large, notwithstanding the cold mentioned above, and the disagreeable walking from the sudden changes to rain, and snow, and sleet during the two weeks. About three thousand persons received Holy Communion. About thirty adults were prepared for the sacraments. In the days of Father Fitton, who built the first Catholic church here fifty years ago, prejudice ran high, so that he could not hire workmen, and was forced to obtain help from other places. Now there is less bitterness, as may be evinced by the fact that six Protestants were received into the Church, and others were left under the care of the priest, for instruction, at the end of the exercises.

There are no parochial schools attached to this church,

though New Haven is well supplied with them. In one parish the school board pays the teachers *pro rata.* The Fathers tried to meet the want of instruction amongst the children by setting apart an hour in the afternoon for their benefit. It was hard to interest them; it was hard even to keep them quiet. Some good was done, no doubt. Let him who is anxious to test the matter, try to give an instruction to three hundred boys, just out of school, where they have been kept in subjection by the fear of punishment. One of the Fathers asked a boy what St. Paul said to his jailor, when questioned: "What must I do that I may be saved?" "Let me out," was the reply. The urchin was thinking about the earthquake, and never dreamt of belief in the Lord Jesus. Another boy having been asked why there is but one God, answered:—"God is everywhere, and there is no room for another."

A lecture was given at the close of the mission to a very large audience by Father Maguire upon "The Church and the Revised edition of the Bible."

St. Patrick's, Pottsville, Pa. (Feb. 5–20). — Pottsville has been for sixty years the centre of the coal mining interest in Schuylkill County; it owes its existence to this trade. About the beginning of the century, some enterprising man experimented with the hard stone coal, and found out its heat producing qualities. In a short time mines were opened up, and a large business was developed. Wagon trains transported the coal to Philadelphia. In course of time by canals and railroads, millions of tons were sent to all parts of the country; and to-day the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania furnish nine-tenths of the coal in use in the United States. Pottsville and a dozen other large towns, or cities, have sprung up as the result of the trade. A writer, not inappropriately, calls these coal deposits, the gold mines of Pennsylvania.

The progress of the Church has kept pace with the material advancement of the coal region. Not to mention Carbon, Luzerne, and other counties, there are twenty-five

priests in Schuylkill county alone. Some of the churches have schools taught by Sisters, and new churches and schools are being built every year.

The nearest mine is two miles and a half from Pottsville. Many others are not very far off. An attempt has been made quite often in the last ten years to strike the mammoth vein spoken of by geologists. It was reported in February that this had been accomplished. This vein is within a mile of the town, and would bring, if opened up successfully, three thousand miners to swell the present population, which is about twenty thousand. Of course, the Church would gain greatly in numbers by so large an increase of inhabitants in the place.

The first Mass was celebrated in Pottsville about seventy years ago by some itinerant priest. As early as 1827, land was given by Mr. Potts for a Catholic church. He, the founder of the town, and a Protestant, knew too well his own interests to be unkind to Catholics. A church was built, and a secular priest put in charge of it. The first Baptism is recorded, June 2nd, 1829. From Sept. 12th, 1830 to Dec. 19th, 1832, Father Edward McCarthy of the Society was pastor of the congregation. He was very exact in keeping his records, and gives the number of Baptisms and marriages. In a little over two years, he baptized two hundred and forty-four children, and performed forty-four marriages. Some of the oldest inhabitants still remember Father McCarthy with affection. The first church was small; it was afterwards enlarged, and will, in a few months, give place to a much larger and finer one. The Germans have a very imposing church.[1]

Three times in seventeen years, the leader of the missionaries has given a mission in Pottsville. All the missions were successful, but the first one was unique. It was given in the middle of a severe winter, and as there were very few churches in the country at that time, people came from all parts for miles over the snow and ice to take part in this mission, the first ever given in the coal counties. It was a

[1] The Catholics were the first to have a church in Pottsville.

common thing to give Holy Communion after dark to persons who had come on foot ten and fifteen miles over the bad mountainous roads, and had waited until 6 o'clock in the evening before their confessions could be heard. This reminds one of scenes in the life of St. Francis Regis. At the end of the first mission, eight hundred persons were confirmed, and, of course, a large proportion were adults. Ten thousand communicants approached the Holy Table during the two weeks. But the congregation now is much smaller. Ten or twelve parishes have been established, and missions have been, and are, given quite frequently. Moreover, the Catholic population in Pottsville has fallen off, owing to the fact that the one or two thousand canal men, who used to transport the coal from Pottsville to the outer world, now *sail* from Schuylkill Haven, a port a few miles below.

The weather was very bad during the mission of this year. The first Sunday, a very important one, the ground was covered with two feet of snow, the result of a terrific storm of the day previous. The services were very well attended; people came long distances to Holy Communion. Every day nearly, the Blessed Sacrament was distributed until after 12 o'clock to persons who had come four and five miles, to take part in the exercises. There were special services for the children every afternoon, and the Papal benediction was given them at the end of the second week. Some of the boys are slate pickers at the mines, and are very bright. They have been known to stop the works in the largest mines, when striking for higher wages.

The congregation is made up partly of Germans who have intermarried with the Irish. The children of course speak English, but, now and then, an idiom learned from mother or father crops out quite unexpectedly. The grown people keep the holydays of the Church, and are attentive, as a rule, to their religious duties. There is a superstition among them called *pow-wowing*. A sick person is taken to some old witch, or wizard, who lays hands on, and breathes over him, and mumbles at the same time, some incanta-

tions or dark speeches. The Fathers spoke against this bad practice, but it is not easy to remove such things, once they take hold of the people. Four thousand persons received Holy Communion. At the last service, the church was dangerously packed. Many persons stood outside in the snow for over an hour, in order to receive the Papal blessing at the end of the mission. Some Protestant gentlemen presented a large floral cross for this occasion, and to add solemnity to the renovation of the baptismal vows by the whole congregation. The people in Pottsville have great devotion to the water blessed in the name of our Holy Founder. At every mission, there has been a rush for it, and no little tact was required to keep the peace among the devotees. Barrels of the water were given out. In a former mission, there was so much crowding, that the pastor had to interfere, and the Father blessing the water, had to implore the faithful not to drown him by shoving him into one of the monster tubs of water, in their wild scrambling for the precious fluid. The Fathers could not but admire the faith of the simple people, who came so regularly through the cold and the bad steep roads to the mission. Pottsville is built on the side of a mountain, and this renders winter travel disagreeable, if not dangerous, especially after dark.

The Catholics in the coal regions have suffered not a little from secret societies, imported from Ireland. These are known by various names as the *Buckshots*, the *Ancient Order of Hibernians*, the *Molly Maguires*, etc. The last name is best known and most hated. Enraged by the tyranny of the Welsh bosses and the favoritism of the Protestant superintendents, some of the Catholics in evil hour formed themselves into secret organizations. They thought themselves above law, and soon Catholics as well as Protestants groaned under the reign of terror. No man who offended the Mollies was safe. Many murders were committed in open day. The tribunals of secret societies in Europe could not have been more swift in their action or more blood-thirsty in their vengeance in regard to their victims. In the meanwhile, the clergy were divided, before these crimes were

fixed upon the Mollies. It was said they were not a secret society; that they were a benevolent brotherhood. Chaplains were elected to attend the meetings; the Mollies were foremost in church affairs. It was discovered afterwards that all this was a blind, and that there was an inner circle, unknown even to the priests. The outrages were increasing rapidly. The president of the Reading Railroad secured the services of a detective, who became a member of the society, and after two years of investigation, it was settled beyond a doubt that all the murders had been committed by the Mollies. Ten of the leaders were arrested. But to convict them, there was the rub. It was thought that the prosecuting attorney for the state, an Irish Catholic, would not be hard on his own. To show the twists and turns in politics, it is a fact that the supposed friend was made away with by the Mollies, who were cajoled into electing him to Congress. And this is the effect of secret societies also, where one may favor a measure in which he is the victim. The trial came off, and ten of the Mollies were executed. The clergy having found out before this event the real character of the body, were severe in their denunciations. The sacraments were refused them, unless they abandoned the Order. And this many did in good faith, whilst others gave it up for the time being, to receive Holy Communion. After thirty days they used to return to the Society. At one time the coal regions were entirely at the mercy of the Mollies. Their men were in office, and crime was the rule. The members used to take an oath, and to show their transatlantic origin, they bound themselves, amongst many other things, not to join the army or navy, an impossible oath in case of war between the United States and England. When we see the brutality and tyranny of the bosses and superintendents, we marvel at the long suffering of the victims, still, at the same time, we are amazed at the depths of crime into which men, once good Catholics, fell on account of secret societies. It is thought the Mollies are dead. Many of the priests think they are only dormant. None of them are about Pottsville.—J. A. M.

St. Patrick's Church, Philadelphia. — When we were told that we were to give a mission in St. Patrick's Church, Philadelphia, we knew at once what was before us, great enthusiasm, big crowds and hard work. This is one of the oldest parishes in that city, having been founded forty years ago. Many of the people are from the Northern counties of Ireland, where to be a Catholic means persecution and a life of continual religious and social ostracism. Nor did the "Native American" excitement of 1844 help to weaken their faith, for the anti-Catholic spirit which agitated the country during ten years, and which culminated in making Philadelphia the disgraceful theatre of mob rule and church burning, only strengthened their love for their religion. It did not prevent them from rebuilding their burned temples in the face of open bigotry, nor from gathering their children about their half-completed altars. Hope of religious freedom is the noblest sentiment which can move the heart of man; and if there be reason for admiration in the motive which urges men to fight and die for fireside and family, how much more so in that which causes them to set above all else their altars and their God. Bigotry and incendiarism failed to terrify the Catholics of Philadelphia. They only seemed to tighten about their hearts a determination to cling to their religion yet more closely. This feeling of union and strength in love for all that man holds sacred went on growing and showed itself more and more, so that the 'City of Brotherly Love' is now the most Catholic city in the Union. You would say so, if you witnessed, as we did, two thousand men packed shoulder to shoulder at five o'clock Mass. How Protestants must have opened their eyes, if they were opened at all so early in the morning, at this grand demonstration of faith. The rainy weather seemed to increase their ardor, and many profited by it to visit the church and finish their confessions by daylight. A peculiarity of this mission was the number of men seen making the Stations of the Cross.

Although there were more men than women at the services, as we found by comparing week with week, still the

latter outvied the sterner sex by their zeal and concern to obtain the graces of the mission. When they had made it once for themselves, they were found "doing" it again, in order to obtain divine graces for the living and the dead. The district messenger boys turned an honest penny during the exercises, having been hired by overworked and tired servant-girls to awake them in the early morning.

We were ten and eleven hours a day in the confessional. This, of itself, was hard enough, but our labors would have been lighter, not only here but elsewhere, had these good and willing people been properly instructed by their priests in Ireland, in the elementary rules of a good confession. First Communion was given to forty-four adults, and one hundred and sixty grown persons were confirmed, together with four hundred children. Twenty-one converts were baptized, and formed into a class for more extended instruction. Fr. Maguire preached the panegyric of St. Patrick to an enthusiastic and extraordinary number of people. The Forty Hours Devotion immediately followed the mission, when two thousand communions were added to the twelve thousand already given. The mission began on Feb. 26th and ended March 15th. Thanks are due and acknowledged to FF. Ardia and Romano for constant help given us.

Church of the Immaculate Conception, New York.—Our next mission began at New York, in Fr. Edwards' church, East Fourteenth street, on March 19th. This church of the Immaculate Conception was built in 1853, by Fr. Ryan, first President of our College of St. Francis Xavier, N. Y. It is two hundred feet in length and about eighty-four in width. It strikes one as being unfavorable for the voice, but the acoustic properties are very fine.

Unlike our church of the same name in Boston there is not to be found one line of white throughout the whole edifice. The coloring and decorations are of sombre Moorish hues, brick red and seal brown, picked out with gold and blue *fleurs-de-lys*. It might have been appropriately named of the "Seven Sorrows." We soon perceived that

we would not have much time to give in seeking the hidden architectural beauties of Fr. Edwards' great church, for the first service was so crowded that Fr. Maguire announced that a mission for working girls and store misses would be given at the same time in the adjoining chapel. This was accordingly done, and one of the Fathers conducted the exercises there every night of the first week, for girls, and of the second, for boys, from the age of thirteen to twenty, and who do not attend school. This did not seem to diminish the numbers that came pouring in long before the sermon began. During their week, even the Sanctuary was filled with men, so great was the desire to hear the word of God. A very amusing incident happened one night during the men's week. The church was packed from the altar down to the street, and away up through the broad organ galleries, with a sea of heads and attentive faces. The scene was at once grand and imposing. The orator of the evening was equal to the occasion, with his springy, bounding eloquence, and sharp, crisp bang in his voice that shot into the ear with a determination to stay there until some one would be shaken up. He had not long to wait.

The subject being Mortal Sin, among other things he said:—"Who would be willing to die to-night? Is there any one here in Mortal Sin!!" Suddenly, in the midst of the solemn hush, a man cried out in a loud voice: "Yes, Father, I am." The effect on the audience was not of the ridiculous, many feeling that this poor man had answered for them. "Then, go to confession," said the priest. "You are an honest man; there are plenty of Fathers down there to hear you and all like you."

The side mission in the chapel was given to about 700 girls and 800 boys. They were, as a rule, fine and healthy looking, which led those who observed them to discover that New York is not the pestiferous plague-spot that the denizens of the provincial cities would be only too glad to believe. Examination and reflection will soon convince one of this. There is always, on account of its proximity to the ocean, a good bracing air for every one. The entire city is bounded by water, and beholds rolling at her feet

one of the most beautiful bays in the world, rivalling that of Naples, if not surpassing it. Here then is the secret of its health: all the outcry about its so-called dirty streets is simply for political effect—the cry of the *outs* against the *ins*. There has been no epidemic in New York since 1832, and the ravages of small-pox, so *marked* and extensive elsewhere, counted very few victims in Gotham.

Besides, the U. S. vital statistics prove that the death-rate here has been smaller than in any of the six great cities of the Union. The healthy position of New York no doubt accounts for the exuberant spirit of her boys, as the Father who gave them their mission can with sorrow testify. They were congregated in the chapel where Mass has not been said for years, and which has been used for a school and meeting room. Consequently, they were not impressed. I was going to say that the exercises opened with prayer. But this would be an error, for all those not in possession of Derby hats considered it their bounden duty, and as a kind of preliminary exercise, to make all these as soft as their own. Moreover, their lungs were very strong, and the noise that proceeded therefrom was exceeding great. What was the Father to do? As he did not overawe them by his serious words, he essayed gentle and flattering language. It seemed to him then, that some were sending out for candy, for he distinctly remembers that a few uttered the word "taffy." Finally, the heroic treatment was resorted to, and after the Father had boxed the ears of two inoffensive looking boys, order was restored. They were good, notwithstanding their rudeness, and were anxious to make general confessions, and to do all that they could for their dear little souls. I must not forget to relate two things that a boot-black had to speak of: one was that he missed Mass, because a Chinaman neglected to wash his shirt, and the other that he "pegged" stones at him in consequence. These boys and girls were enrolled in a Sodality especially established for their class.

The mission, under God, was a great success. Thirteen

thousand communions were given and five converts entered the Church. Only a few adults were prepared for First Communion, probably because there are not many in this carefully attended parish who are overlooked by its zealous pastor and his assistants. Three thousand children are educated in the great school near the church, who are well trained in the way they should walk. FF. Claven and Casey were with us continually during this mission, the former also having done good service at the previous one in Philadelphia. Nor must the valuable aid of FF. O'Leary, Becker and Freeman of Fordham, and Fr. J. Daugherty of St. Francis Xavier's be forgotten.

The services of these Fathers made an edifying impression upon the priests of the house. "There does not seem to be any disunion among you," remarked one of these to me, "and you all seem to have passed through the same mould."

General results: Communions, 34,000; first Communion of adults, 88; adults confirmed, 160; grown persons baptized, 32; children baptized, previously neglected, 10.

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## CHARLES COUNTY, MARYLAND.

*Letter from Father E. McSwyney.*

St. Thomas' Manor, Cox Station,
Charles Co., Md., March 30, 1882.

Reverend and Dear Father,
P. C.

You insist upon a letter from Charles County—but what can a poor country missionary have to write about? What have we worthy of special notice in this part of the world? We are inclined to think that the less we say of ourselves, the better it will be for our reputation.

But, as you will have it so, and some account of our doings must perforce be sent to the Letters, we will tell you something of our good qualities and pass over our bad ones.

But where shall we begin? Shall we tell you of the pretty boat, just made, by Messrs Daly and Broderick, in which it may be your good fortune some day to be sped over Potomac's waters, if you do not get swamped? Or shall we enlarge upon the condition of our roads?—a fertile theme. You are probably surprised at the proposition. You suppose that we ought to be able to give you something more interesting than a dose of 'our roads.' But you must understand that it is 'our vocation to travel to various places,' and, therefore, the question of facilities in traveling becomes practical and paramount. But as the same roads are long, the description should necessarily bear the same characteristic—and in mercy we forbear: besides, as you may be sent some day to enjoy county life, we do not wish to anticipate your pleasure in finding that romance still lingers here. . . . . .

Our fisheries! This is the subject which suits the season: just the medicine for Lent, especially our Potomac herrings, whose fame is only limited where they become unknown. Our county priests are content to enjoy their blessing, and keep quiet about it. And our oysters! we cannot think of passing them over, so excellent and so abundant: why, they had well nigh succeeded in blocking up the bed of the river, and should probably have succeeded, had not some Yankees come near foundering among them: and they, in their magnanimity, as usual, spread the alarm among their countrymen, who, of their charity, were moved to lend us some assistance in restoring the facilities of navigation, in keeping the oysters to the bottom. Many thanks to our kind New England neighbors, who have done and still do so much to keep the oysters to their natural level.

A letter from here true to nature, after treating of the roads, of horses and horsemanship, of our fisheries and oysters, has exhausted all the staple topics. If you expected we could have given you something better, we can only offer our sincere condolence in your disappointment. To suit your inclination, however, we shall try what we can do for you by a change of scene.

Half a day's travel, from either Washington or Baltimore, on the Potomac R. R. brings you to Cox Station, a distance of some forty miles from either of those cities. You are apt to be somewhat astonished at this rapid transit, but it harmonizes with our surroundings. A quarter of an hour's drive from Cox Station gets you to St. Thomas', i. e. when you can drive: when you cannot, the amount of time it takes you to *wade* two and a half miles, knee deep, in mud and mire. The distance being given, as a constant, the time will vary inversely to your wading power. As the road passes by the house, a few paces brings you into the interior, and you see, too, that the old manor house is worthy of its name, as it is a large and magnificent structure, built in the old baronial style, and very tastefully finished—the 'hard finish,' by the way, being in a great measure due to our late Brother Keenan—and has a church adjoining, on the west side. But the structure of the old manor-house is not its only fine feature; its location is most beautiful, and extremely picturesque. It is situated on a commanding eminence, overlooking the Potomac, and possesses a most charming view of this beautiful river and the surrounding country. We have known one of our Fathers who reached St. Thomas' in the gray of the evening, and, therefore, was unable "to feast his eyes" until the morrow, so much impressed by its position and scenery, that he offered up Mass for the repose of the souls of those who had gone before him and capped the hill with a temple to the Creator.

This house has been remarkable in the religious annals of Maryland. It was for a long time the residence of the Superior of the mission. Both house and church were originally built of brick imported from England, but were burned down December 29th, 1866. The brick work, however, suffered but little from the flames and the lapse of time; the residence and church were therefore rebuilt on the old walls, during the following years, by Fr. McAtee, with a solidity and taste that inclines us to think they must have profited by the change. In a tower on the roof of the old house, was a large bell, which, for more than a century,

had summoned successive generations to the worship of their Creator, and three times a day reminded them of the glorious mystery of the Incarnation. It had been placed on the house rather than on the church, to evade the penal laws, which prohibited the use of bells on Catholic chapels. It was probably due to the same penal laws, which restricted Catholics to the use of private chapels, that such an isolated site was selected for St Thomas' church ; for, although the situation is beautiful, it is not at all central. In connection with the house, there is a large subterranean passage now closed up, which, in past times, opened through the adjoining hill-side. Imagination has been busy in regard to its probable use: some have thought it was a place of refuge from the Indians, others suppose that it was to furnish means of escape from the priest-hunters: it was probably devoted to more prosaic uses. Within sight of this old manor-house it was that Fathers White, Altham, Brock, etc. often exercised their mission of love, that the Indian king (Tayac) his queen, family and council became Christians, and that the inhabitants of the Indian village *Potopaco*, now Port Tobacco, were in a body, together with their queen, regenerated in the waters of Baptism. It was here, too, during the prevalence of a most deadly malady, which made its appearance in the county in 1696, that our Fathers went from house to house, consoling the sick, and administering the Sacraments to the dying, which, at the instance of a Minister of the Church of England, elicited from the humane Assembly a proclamation prohibiting "such extravagances and presumption."

The bell originally placed on the house to avoid proscription, has been replaced by Rev. Father Wiget, by a harmony of two, in a piazza, on the church, from which a steeple rears aloft and holds out to its wide prospect the emblem of salvation. It has afforded us some satisfaction to understand that this cross serves as a beacon to guide the mariners of the Potomac, as also does our Sanctuary lamp in a more particular manner, as if its weakness caught up the effulgence of Him to whom it does honor, and cast

it over the broad waters. And may we not also suppose that this glimmer, feeble though it be, has often its reaction on the souls of some poor men of the deep, bringing to them salutary thoughts of God?

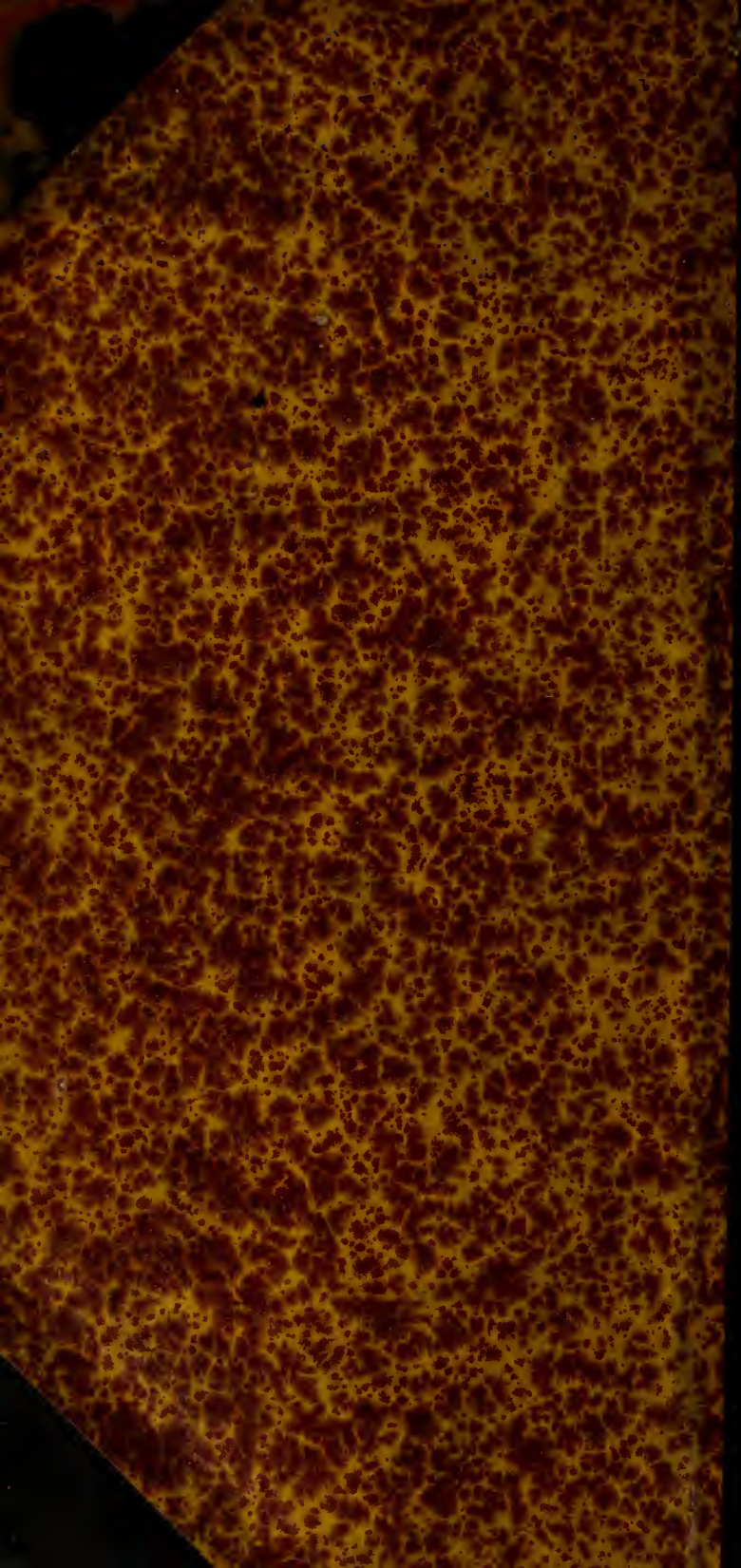
In a neatly enclosed lot hard by the church, lie side by side the remains of thirteen priests, one lay-brother and our late scholastic, Daniel Keating. Two marble slabs define the limits of each grave, and supply you with the name etc., of your deceased brother, while the ever blooming myrtle, so beautifully shrouding the dust of the departed, would remind you, that those whom we have lost for a time await us still beyond the tomb.

But you desire to know what we are doing in our day. The answer to this question we might epitomize, by saying, we keep to the tenor of our ways, but have done very little which calls for particular notice. Almost the latest incident worthy of comment, was our mission in last August, given here and at Pomfret by Fathers Finnegan and Flynn, an account of which has already appeared in the LETTERS. In October, Fathers Wiget and Keating gave the jubilee exercises at Bryantown and Cobb Neck. Last summer we erected a pretty marble altar in our church; nor was it too much for the kindness of the Most Rev. Archbishop to pay a special visit to the counties to consecrate it. Last May, His Grace honored us with a longer stay, not only making St. Thomas' his home while attending to the other churches of the mission, but also returning to it from churches not attended by us, when it was possible. He also favored this old place by administering the Sacrament of Confirmation here on Sunday. The morning was beautifully bright: our people could not think of absenting themselves, and they came in crowds. Protestants as well as Catholics whipped on to the old manor church. We could not have believed that this place could become the scene of so much attraction, nor was it without much ado that we were able to maintain a position for the children, who, of course, should all have conspicuous places, if it were only to show off their white dresses to advantage, though nature had, unfortu-

nately, often forgotten to give them faces of the same hue. Those of the people who were unable to enter the church crowded round the windows, and had the advantage of a freer ventilation. The Archbishop, happily chimed in with the general enthusiasm of the occasion, as well in his instruction to the children, as in his address to the congregation. He highly eulogized the Fathers of the Society, "who," he said, "had so laboriously planted the seeds of faith along the Potomac, and the number of holy innocents now before me, shows that their labors still bear fruit."

The Archbishop, with the priests, and about forty of our *magnates* sat down to dinner in one of the spacious halls of the house. It was easy to see that this afforded him a new pleasure. No one could help admiring the *tact* with which the Archbishop *talked farming*, and enlarged upon the cultivation of Indian corn and tobacco. After dinner, he made us a short but pretty speech. He declared how much pleasure it afforded him, to have had an opportunity of enjoying the society of our Charles Co. representative men, and compared them, led on by their pastor, Rev. Father Wiget, to the barons of England under the leadership of Archbishop Langton, when, in the plain of Runnymede, they wrung from King John the *Magna Charta*. Those who understood well what the Archbishop talked about, could not help feeling flattered at his comparison: while those who did not understand, felt even more complimented, simply because they had been considered worthy of being talked at in such a style.

Kind regards of a quondam condiscipulus to acquaintances, hoping they will sometimes pray for a county man. Vale.

E. McSwyney, S. J.

**D. O. M.**